

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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*A Weekly Illustrated Magazine
For All The Family*

DECEMBER 25, 1924
VOLUME 98, NO. 52



A NEW BOOK IS OPEN BEFORE US • WHEREIN WE ARE TO WRITE THE STORY OF A YEAR • • WE CANNOT HOPE TO KEEP ITS PAGES SPOTLESS • BUT IF WE FIRMLY RESOLVE AND HONESTLY TRY TO BE MORE CONSIDERATE • MORE CHEERFUL • TENDERER TOWARD THOSE WHOM WE LOVE • MORE CHARITABLE • LESS EXACTING—WE CAN BE SURE THAT WHEN WE TURN THE PAGES IN REVIEW WE SHALL READ THE RECORD UNASHAMED—E. W. F.

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STAMPS TO STICK

READERS of this department will be glad to have the following first-hand account of the establishing of the Philatelic Agency, in Washington, written for The Companion by Mr. W. Irving Glover, Third Assistant Postmaster-General, to whose suggestion and later efforts the agency owes its existence.

"The straw that broke the camel's back," writes Mr. Glover, "was a letter that an enthusiastic collector addressed to me, in which he said that in his city the other day he asked for a block of four well-centered two-cent stamps, and the answer of the stamp clerk at the window was that he had 'no time to waste on nuts; please step out of the line.' You can imagine how indignant the man was.

"That was in the early part of the year 1921, and one day at the weekly conference of the Postmaster-General and his staff I suggested the establishment of a philatelic bureau, since the Stamp Division came under the supervision of the Third Assistant Postmaster-General. After the suggestion, the First Assistant, who, I may say, was the genial Dr. Hubert Work, who afterwards became Postmaster-General and is now Secretary of the Department of the Interior, and who was formerly president of the American Medical Association, looked sidewise at me and said that he had been a doctor for many years but had never heard the word 'philatelic' used as a medical term; and the Postmaster-General, at that time Mr. Will H. Hays, gave me a hearty laugh and said, 'I really believe, Glover, you are crazy.'

"My suggestion was turned down, but in the month of August I came back with the suggestion that the Postmaster-General allow the establishment of a philatelic agency; and I said that, if the agency did not sell \$5000 worth of stamps to collectors in the first two months, I should be willing to give up my ambition to establish the agency. On that condition we established the Philatelic Agency of the Post Office Department in December, 1921. The first month's business amounted to a little more than \$6500, and for the two months it was well over \$11,000. Last year our sales through the agency to collectors amounted to \$255,940.04, which was virtually a net gain to the Post Office Department of more than \$240,000, because the stamped paper that we sell to collectors of course never performs any service except to rest peacefully in the stamp albums of the purchasers.

"The agency has been moved three times. The present force consists of the agent and five clerks, who are busy from the opening of the window in the morning until late at night. The success of the agency has proved beyond a doubt that there was a place for it in the Post Office Department.

"And now, instead of the jokes and jibes, the tide has been turned to comment and appreciation at the strides that the agency has made in three short years.

"There were certain of our fifty-two thousand post offices where a stamp collector could receive some consideration, but they were few, and the method was unsatisfactory to the purchaser because the clerks paid no attention to choosing the best stock for the album. That condition has now been done away with, for the clerks of the agency are trained stamp clerks and have quickly learned what the collector wants.

"The agency tries at all times to give equal opportunity to all of its patrons. One thing that it will not do is to grant special favors. The rich collector, who may be a Congressman and have a collection worth more than a million dollars, receives only the same consideration that the young beginner gets.

"Mail orders are received from all parts of the United States and from almost every foreign country.

"The greater part of the business of the agency is in present issues and those that have recently been discontinued, but inspectors sometimes discover stamps of early issues that had been hidden away in the postmaster's stock. There recently came to light, through an inspection of a Western post office, four thousand ten-cent blue eagle registry stamps of the issue of 1908.

"Stamps are sold for cash only, and remittance must be made by postal money order, whenever that is practicable, made payable to the Philatelic Agency; but when cash is used it should be sent by registered mail, and when collectors address the bureau care should be taken to describe as carefully as possible the stamps that they desire."

BESIDES the Swedish and German stamps—already mentioned in The Companion—that were issued to commemorate the founding of the Universal Postal Union fifty years ago a similar series has now been put forth by Switzerland. It comprises two values, 20

centimes, red, and 30 centimes, blue. The common design, though the frames are different, is a picture of the old State House at Bern, in which in 1874 the first international postal congress was held. The word Helvetia and the denominations appear at the top. Below the building is the inscription *Jubilé de L'U. P. U. Siege DU 1^{er} Congress*, in two lines, and the date 8 Octobre 1874. The names of the artists who made the designs are allowed to appear in minute letters at the left and the right in the lower margin. The 20-centime was engraved and printed at Bern, the 30-centime at Zurich. The paper is watermarked with a cross, and the stamps are perforated 11½.

SEVERAL months ago Germany issued two stamps—60 pfennigs, red brown, and 80 pfennigs, slate—to commemorate the founding of the Universal Postal Union. Each stamp bore a portrait of Dr. H. von Stephan, first head of the postal system of Germany, the inventor of the postal card and the organizer of the Berlin Postal Museum. On those stamps Stephan's name did not appear. Now Germany has issued two more U. P. U. commemoratives. They bear a different picture of Stephan, and his name appears in small uncolored capital letters. The values and colors are 10 pfennigs, dark green, and 20 pfennigs, dark blue. The dates 1874 and 1924 appear, whereas the earlier stamps bore no dates; and "Pf" takes the place of the posthorn which appeared in the lower border of the first stamps. The modified design and the changes in the inscriptions are an improvement.

COLLECTORS who own radio receivers will be interested in the verification stamps that many broadcasting stations in the United States and Canada now issue to auditors who ask for them, and who send the required ten-cent fee and give definite proof that they have heard the station. A brief description of any announcement or feature of a programme, together with a correct statement of the time when it was broadcast is regarded as proof. The stamps are one inch wide by one and one-half inches high, are perforated and gummed, and bear a uniform design that shows an eagle seated between two radio towers upon a terrestrial globe. They carry in the form of a surcharge the call letters of the station that issues them and the words "Verified reception stamp." Colors vary according to the wave length of the station; for example, 360 metres is carmine, 509 metres, lavender. Of course these labels are not postage stamps, but are an interesting by-product of philately.

AS already announced in The Companion, Rhodesia has been divided into Northern Rhodesia and Southern Rhodesia. The first series issued exclusively for Southern Rhodesia has been described. Northern Rhodesia is now issuing a similar set, the design of which is a medallion of the head of King George surrounded by representations of native fauna and flora. The values are ½ penny, 1 penny, 1½ penny, 2 pence, 3 pence, 4 pence, 6 pence, 8 pence, 10 pence, 1 shilling, 2 shillings, 3 shillings, 6 pence, 5 shillings, 7 shillings, 6 pence, 10 shillings, and 20 shillings. The seven highest denominations are larger than the penny values. Even higher values—2 pounds, 5 pounds, 10 pounds, 30 pounds and 50 pounds—will be issued, but they will be revenue stamps.

SALVADOR also has marked the fiftieth anniversary of the Universal Postal Union. The 60-centavo, violet, of the issue of 1921 has been surcharged with a new value, 5 centavos, and the inscription *16 Sept.—1874-1924—U. P. U.* The overprinting is in red. The stamp has appeared also with the surcharged inscription in black, but American collectors have not determined whether that creates a new variety or whether the black overprint was a "trial" to enable the postal authorities to determine whether a black surcharge on a violet stamp would show up well.

THREE commemoratives, each of 5 pesos in value, have appeared in Paraguay. The inscription, *Independencia Nacional*, gives a clue why the series was issued. It seems strange that stamps issued late in 1924 should bear the dates 1811 and 1923, as these new Paraguay adhesives do. The colors are blue and brown, red and blue and green and black. In appearance they are poor examples of stamp printing, and the collector will be at a loss to guess the significance of the one-story dilapidated building that appears on all.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY IN THE YEAR

Copyright, 1924, by Perry Mason Company, Boston, Mass.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$2.50 TEN CENTS A COPY

THE IMAGINARY WARDROBE

By Eugenia Dodd



DRAWINGS BY
HAROLD SICHEL

HEAVY rain was falling against the plate glass show windows of the firm of Barnard and Pratt and running down in surly rivers as if angry at not being able to drench the draperies of the immobile wax ladies inside. It was the dreariest sort of damp, raw day.

Since customers were few at Barnard and Pratt's, Miss Breen of the silk and dress goods section had joined Miss Clancy at the ribbon counter to confide to her in emphatic whispers that Mr. Barnard was "sure on a big mad!"

"And I just come back at him," Miss Breen related, wagging her heavily-curled coiffure till the comb with the brilliants in it danced. "Mr. Barnard," I said, "five years and more I've been selling silks, and before that the ready-mades, and it's the first time anybody's ever spoke to me about poor sales. It looks like instead of jumpin' on the old standbys you might keep an eye out to what some of these new additions are doin'!"

Miss Clancy winked understandingly and glanced over at a slender girl behind the bolts of crêpe de chine.

Miss Breen nodded and continued: "Yesterday when she was figurin' how turquoise satin would look made up with mauve doovteen—doovteen, mind you—I just broke down and said, 'Say, girlie, can the Madame Lucile stuff and try sellin' yard goods a while!'"

Martha Allen, who was winding heavy folds of shimmering cloth on a bolt, was unaware that her fellow salesladies were talking about her. But since they had talked about her on other occasions that she did know about, one more thrust couldn't have made her heart any heavier.

"It must be the weather," she thought, eyeing the dripping panes. "But what a life! Selling things behind a counter day after day till eternity! I'm just a person in a black dress like every other girl on the place—not a spark of individuality! And when I try to imagine I'm anything else I get scoffed at! I suppose if I stay seven or eight years, they'll make me the head of a department—like Miss Breen!" Martha shrugged her shoulders. "I want to be an artist!" she whispered longingly to the bolt of gray taffeta.

As she looked at the diaphanous fabric the girl's face grew dreamy. "Let me see, where should I wear it? To a grand dinner where there were distinguished guests and flowers and cut glass! I'd have it made in an old-fashioned style with a basque and full skirt—perhaps a lace fichu." She turned it to catch the dim light from the windows. The cloth was suffused with a rose glow. "It's changeable!" Martha's eyes sparkled. "Wouldn't it be a dream! There should be gray gloves and shoes to go with it and a cloche hat with velvet roses!" Then she sighed. "I guess Jimmy's right! I'm a nine-a-week clerk with million dollar tastes!"

Martha drew out a notebook and began sketching the visionary dress. She sat upon a stool with the book upon her knees below the counter and worked rapidly. In the book were other costumes of her planning, pages of them. Some were colored lightly with pastel crayon. Others had tiny squares of

material and trimming pasted below the figures. The collection of pictures constituted Martha's imaginary wardrobe, the one she would have possessed had her slender salary permitted.

Completely absorbed in her drawing, she failed to notice Miss Breen's return until her caustic voice exclaimed: "Another new dress! Now don't tell me you've had a bid to Mrs. Astor's luncheon and mah jong or I just can't stand it!"

Martha laughed easily. Jimmy, the errand boy, slouched up from the opposite end of the counter. "Not's bad," was his critical comment.

"It is an idea for a dress to be made from the gray taffeta there," Martha explained. "It isn't for me particularly, but merely a sketch of the way the goods might be worked up. It might be for you, for instance—" Martha rose and held the color alongside Miss Breen's face. "It's just the thing! It brings out the gray lights in your eyes!"

Miss Breen arched an eyebrow. "Me wear gray! Humph, when I buy something I get a good dark piece that won't spot or show the dirt. All this talk about wearin' a violet gown to match your pansy eyes is love-story nonsense."

Jimmy grinned and made a low-comedy grimace. "Matchin' yer eyes! Here I made the mistake of wearin' a red necktie when green's my color!" The youngster looked again at the sketch. "But you're some drawer, I'll say," he added.

It was usual for him to champion Martha's cause against Miss Breen. In his mind the younger girl was "purty," and moreover she treated him as an equal. He shut one eye for a final estimate of the drawing. "You're better'n my cousin who's had teachin', in makin' style pictures up to night school."

"What night school?" Martha asked. "Say, cut out the social discourse, you two!" Miss Breen warned them. "Act like you're workin', if you ain't! Here comes the boss."

Mr. Barnard was coming toward them with the businesslike air he always wore when something important was about to happen. Martha hastily tucked her notebook under the counter. Jimmy fell ardently to work straightening shelves.

"Miss Breen, I've had a message from Madame Elson, the opera singer, that she's coming immediately to look at materials for costumes."

The eyes of the three behind the counter grew large.

"She emphasized the fact," continued the store owner, "that she is only looking and may not buy. Now it's up to you to sell her. Think what it would mean to us if we could get her patronage! We have the goods if we can put them across. Now I'm relying on you to show her the best you have. Take down everything in stock if she wants to see it—but the big thing is sell her!"

"You can count on me, Mr. Barnard," Miss Breen assured him. "I'll take care of her myself—start to finish."

She began to tidy her counter, whipping the remnants out of sight to make way for the costliest and most brilliant pieces. Martha hastened to help her.

"Madame Elson," she said when Mr. Barnard had gone; "that's Florence Bruce Elson, isn't it?"

"Yes," Miss Breen replied shortly, "and she certainly picks out a peculiar day to do her

shopping. But then it's a chance to sell a lot of stuff with no other customers to take my attention. You know,"—Miss Breen's look was full of meaning,—Mr. Barnard says this department's 'way behind in sales."

"She's coming!" whispered Martha. With unctuous politeness Mr. Barnard was ushering two ladies toward the silks. One was tall and dark. The other, a fair-haired little person, was lamenting in a silvery voice, "And I always before bought my gowns in the city, but this time the date of the engagement had to be moved forward, and I haven't time to make a special trip. I've wired for a modiste, but when she gets here I shan't have a thing for her to sew on!"

"I'm very sure, Madame Elson," Mr. Barnard said with a suave smile, "that with Miss Breen's assistance you will be able to satisfy your wants!"

Miss Breen's appraising stare at the ladies turned into a welcoming beam. "Now just what was it?" she inquired.

Mr. Barnard bowed himself away with the parting remark, "Now if you don't get the best of attention, Madame Elson, just let me know!"

Madame Elson explained again that she was leaving for a southern concert tour of four weeks and was in a great predicament because she would need eight or nine new gowns immediately.

"Oh, yes, eight or nine," Miss Breen treated it as a mere trifle. "Well, now we've got every color—brown, henna, blue—that's a good color this season. Here's a pretty piece of canary yellow satin. But there! I forgot! It's *passé* this season—all out, you know."

"There's a beautiful coral brocade, Florence," suggested the tall lady, whom Madame Elson called Miss Faris. Martha, who stepped quickly to lift it down, decided that Miss Faris must be the singer's accompanist.

"But how could I have it made?" Madame Elson looked helpless.

"Oh, sort of simple—straight lines, don't you know," Miss Breen replied easily. "Anything elegant like that don't need much decoration. Draped maybe—or undraped. That's the thing about material like that; no matter how it's made, it looks fine."

Madame puckered her little forehead in a mammoth frown. She looked at another piece, at several others and finally at all. Miss Breen's disposition at last got to the

ragged point it always reached when a customer tried her patience by asking to see everything.

"I don't know what to do," said the beautiful little woman, sighing. "I never selected dresses like this before. I don't know how much it takes or anything."

"Well, that of course depends on your pattern," explained Miss Breen condescendingly.

"Oh, yes." The customer looked reproved. "I haven't any patterns, though."

"Beg pardon, telephone order, Miss Breen," Jimmy announced at that moment. "I'll take it," interposed Martha.

"Head of the department wanted specially," persisted the boy. "Asked for the best service possible."

"Oh, yes," said Miss Breen hastily. "Won't you excuse me just a minute? I'll come back as quick as I can," she promised sweetly and by a glance at Martha indicated that the girl was to hold the customers.

Poor, bewildered Madame Elson heaved a heavy sigh when Miss Breen had gone. "What shall I do?" she appealed to her companion.

The other made a hopeless gesture.

"Could you tell me a little about your programme?" inquired Martha eagerly. "Then perhaps we could judge better what you should wear."

"Why—why, yes. First of all there's an aria—rather spectacular—to show the audience what I can do." Madame Elson smiled humorously.

"And you must look the part in a costume as radiant as your voice."

Madame Elson and her companion glanced quickly at the girl. "Why, yes." The singer smiled.

"And after that?" Martha asked very seriously.

"Then a group of the old songs—plantation melodies and that sort of thing. I usually change to another dress for that."

"Something quaint is what you want! Oh, I know!" Martha's eyes were bright. "What could be more old-fashioned than a changeable gray and rose taffeta! You could have an 1867 dress of this with a bodice and panners and a rose silk shawl and pink flowers in your hair!"

"Florence," exclaimed the accompanist, "can't you see it?"

"Almost," breathed Madame Elson.

Martha reached under the counter for her notebook. "It would be this style," she pointed out, turning to the drawing that she

"This young lady is waiting on me!"



had made earlier, "only we'd change the skirt like this and bring the shawl round—" She sketched new lines. They were the lines of an amateur, but the watchers caught their significance.

"I'm sure I want that!" decided the singer, picking up the book. She turned the pages without comment.

"There's a darling!" Miss Faris remarked, looking over Madame Elson's shoulder at an evening dress.

"I planned it to be made of this corn-colored velvet," said Martha, displaying the bolt. "It would be beautiful for your first appearance. With your hair you'd be all gold from head to foot!"

"Well, here I am again! I thought I'd never get that woman who only wanted a coat-lining rung off!" It was Miss Breen's metallic voice. "My goodness, you're showing incandescent yellow! Don't you know that it's terribly passé?"

"This young lady is waiting on me!" Madame Elson's tone was imperious.

Miss Breen gave her customer a frosty stare and Martha a still colder one. "Well,

pardon me!" she said under her breath and withdrew.

Imagine Mr. Barnard's surprise when half an hour later he strolled in the direction of the silk counter to see the head of the section sitting frigidly at one end while at the other end Miss Allen, the new clerk, was conferring earnestly with the important customer. Then he saw the girl measure and cut off yards of cloth.

"Madame Elson—" he began uneasily.

"Oh, Mr. Barnard!" the singer cried, "I'm so grateful to your designer—"

"My—"

"She's given me plates from her own sketch book and figured out the amounts of material! I've bought everything—stage outfits, sports clothes, even a new tea gown!"

Martha raised her eyes to see her employer grinning like a schoolboy. "Well, well!" Then he gave her a penetrating look.

"Old man Barnard says for Miss Allen to come up to his office!" Jimmy announced half an hour later. "Says 'Tell her to bring that book she's got.'"

As there was only one book he could mean,

Martha took the familiar sketch pad with many of its leaves now torn out and hastily mounted the stairs.

"Sit down, Miss Allen," said Mr. Barnard as she entered his office. "I find in looking over the bills that you sold over four hundred dollars' worth of goods this afternoon."

"Yes, sir."

"These—ah, pictures you have—" He adjusted his glasses and took her book.

"When I handle the materials I always see them made up as dresses," Martha explained doubtfully.

"Hm-m. Now I wonder if we couldn't make a specialty of that," said Mr. Barnard. "I've often noticed that people come in and don't know what they want—don't know how to make things. Women would be glad of suggestions on the simplest things—aprons and their children's clothes."

"That's true," replied Martha wonderingly.

"I hear they have a class in dress design or fashion art or whatever you call it up at night school. If you'd like to enroll, the firm will see that your tuition is taken care of."

"Oh, I'd love it!" cried Martha.

Mr. Barnard smiled. "When you have become adept at making the sketches we will advertise you as a special service. It ought to be a go-getter for business. And," he added, "we will of course give you a salary in accord with your increased usefulness."

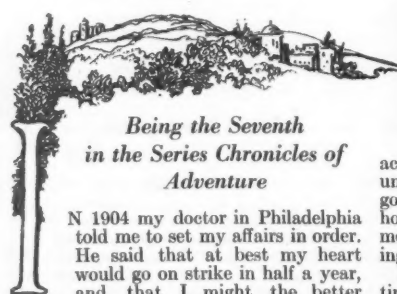
"You really think I have talent?" inquired the happy girl.

"Talent?" He frowned. "I really don't know much about such things, but I do know you have one thing—salesmanship."

"Not bad," boasted Jimmy some time later, "the way I shoved Miss Breen off on that coat-lining order—not bad a-tall!"

"Why, Jimmy, what do you mean?" demanded Martha.

Jimmy laughed. "The party said to send 'em a real good clerk. Well, sir, I figured it would be awful to lose a coat-lining order, so I says, 'Send you the head of the department. We got a' operty singer on hand, but we turn little things like them over to th' 'sistants!' Aw, now don't pull any gratitude stuff. That's passé—all out, you know!"



Being the Seventh in the Series Chronicles of Adventure

IN 1904 my doctor in Philadelphia told me to set my affairs in order. He said that at best my heart would go on strike in half a year, and, that I might the better enjoy the few grains of sand left in my hour-glass, to return to the place of my childhood and forget present-day affairs. Accordingly I went to Asia Minor, where my parents had been missionaries.

The six months had passed, and by keeping myself interested in searching for antiquities I had become able to sketch and ride as much as most healthy persons. I had not been long in the country before Has-san, the Circassian, made the two-week journey from Uzun Yeliah to Mersina and entered my service. He was a lesser noble and had served my father. From childhood he filled me with Circassian horse lore, taught me their unequalled ways of riding horses and told me of many of their curious customs.

The three outstanding traits of the Circassians, the noblest that any race can have, are intense loyalty to clan, race and family, absolute courage and a sense of honor so fine that, no matter what the consequences, no Circassian will go back on his word.

It is considered necessary for every Circassian to kill his man in fair fight, steal at least one horse and steal his bride. Stealing the bride used to be a serious business, and a man took his life in his hands to do it. On riding through a hamlet he might chance to see a damsel who fired his heart; he would ask her name and that of her father and of her clan. Then he would warn her father by message and on the heels of the warning gallop to the village well, swing the willing maiden across his saddle-bow and ride for dear life, exchanging bullets with the clansmen of the bride. Customs change in strange lands. Stealing the bride is often mere play now, and bullets are fired into the air. The older Circassians bewail the change, saying, "How can we now tell whether our would-be sons-in-law are cowards or not?"

When Circassians take prisoners those who resist bravely are treated with consideration, but cowards are subjected to horse play. To prevent the escape of their captives they sprain their thumbs or their wrists and one ankle; it is cheaper and more effective than rope. Sometimes they set a sort of night line, a rope stretched from tree to tree

across the road high enough to twitch the unwary rider out of the saddle as his horse goes under it. They still patrol the roads and hold up caravans until they have enough money to buy land for horse raising or farming.

Most foreigners in Turkey spend much time in the saddle. Mohammedan law, however, forbids importing the pig or its by-products, and prejudice is so strong that few saddlers or boot-makers, even Christians, can be induced to touch anything porcine. So that if the sewing of pigskin leggings gives way, a man has to sew them himself or send for new ones and smuggle them in. I soon wearied of that and invented leggings that can be made in half an hour of any good leather, that contain no sewing and will outwear their owner. Our consul at Alexandretta saw my leggings and advised me to apply for a patent. After a long wait the papers came from America with an enthusiastic letter from an attorney who could see a fortune in my invention. I was then at Marash in the interior of Asia Minor, sixty hours caravan ride from Alexandretta. There was no time to lose, and I planned to start at once and have our consul, Mr. Jackson, witness and seal the papers. But the day was Friday, Moslem Sunday, when no Turkish official does business. He goes to the mosque, prays and all too often gives up the rest of the day to carousals. I wished the passport officials to stretch a point and visé my *tezke-ré*, or local passport, so that I might start at once and be in Alexandretta by Saturday midnight. The best he would do was to sign the *tezke-ré* at half past twelve on Saturday noon.

Half an hour later I started. I counted on cutting the caravan time down to seventeen hours, for my mount, Angelo, a powerful half-Turkish, half-Arab horse, had unusual speed and endurance. I was then little more than a skeleton and rode very light on a saddle fitted with small holsters in which were a book of verse, sketching things and extra ammunition for my two heavy revolvers. Natives seldom travel so swiftly or so light unless they are carrying valuables, but I left that thought quite out of my calculations and so rode into an adventure that was anything but pleasant.

The weather was as delightful as only that of a Turkish May can be. I had spent so much of daylight in sketching that night overtook me long before I reached the *khan*, or inn, of Bagtche Bridge. All day I had ridden up and up the grim Amanus Mountains. The mighty peaks round me had frowned down on Cyrus and on countless hordes of invaders in the long ago. They smiled only when the dying sun lit up their rugged faces. Swift darkness fell to be followed by the mysterious, maidenly beauty of the afterglow, and the night wind sang its plaintive little ancient tunes in the pines.

All alone, uncounted miles from friends or companions and in such surroundings, you are almost willing to believe in dryads, fauns, nymphs and satyrs. Myriads of insects sound orchestral accompaniment to the

Has-san
the
Circassian



song of lark or nightingale. For dramatic effect you have the startling cough of the bear, the long-drawn howl of the wolf, the cry of the leopard or the unearthly, insane, shuddering laugh of the striped hyena. At dusk and towards dawn you hear, but can never get used to, the really frightful shrieks of jackals. To complete a not unpleasant sense of desolation comes regularly at slow intervals like a refrain the sweet, silvery ringing whistle of the little owl, the owl of Athena.

Wild jasmine, hyacinth, tulip, violet, oleander and many flowers known only to botanists fill the night air with their sweetness. Pleasantly to the ear comes the distant piping of a shepherd, the chanting of some hillman on the watch and the friendly sound of great dogs barking. Things, even familiar things, take on ghostly forms and mysterious shapes. Far away is the twinkle of little fires; near by perhaps the green shine of wild animals' eyes. Overhead scudding palls of clouds give fleeting glimpses of the solemnly beautiful stars sweeping over their fixed courses.

It is wise, however, to keep an eye out, for robbers infest the roads. When a road becomes too dangerous people take to side tracks, but that is of little use, since robber bands have their spies and lookouts at *khan*s and almost everywhere else. Any chap who begs to accompany you for greater safety may be an adroit member of a band. So it does not do to let strangers come too near without scrutiny. I was a child of four when Dr. Sterrett of Cornell first came to my father's house as guest. He told of being closely followed by a band of Circassian marauders for three days. But he and his party, armed to the teeth, were vigilant and escaped attack.

It does not pay robbers to get themselves or their horses shot. Like men of other occupations, they want to lose nothing. It is not from cowardice but from prudence that they resort to stratagem. Osman Ogulu, of whom Theodore Bent wrote so fascinatingly, fought with reckless courage against an overwhelming force of armed men; and at that he had no chance of escape. From time immemorial robbers have used dark horses because they blend so well into the night. I had good reason to regret that Angelo was light gray.

At midnight I reached the *khan* at Bagtche Bridge, had the horse baited, wrapped myself in my long gray Circassian riding coat and slept out under the stars. Rain frustrated my intention of staying over Sunday night; it fell too heavily to allow of sleeping outside. To sleep in the *khan* was impossible, not on account of fleas and kindred entertainers, but because the *kahnji's* brother was a leper. So I upsaddled and made ready to go as far as Osmania in the Cilician plain, the nearest town of Adana province.

The other wayfarers laughed, and I heard one say, "None but a *chaphkali* (hatted one) or a lunatic would go alone over that road after dark."

The *kahnji* seemed uneasy, and I had ridden scarcely a hundred yards down the road when he came Merlin-like out of the bushes and said, "God love you! Look out for the owls!" and vanished.

I thought it some sort of native joke and laughed as I bid him good-by. But two hours later it seemed to me that I had never heard so many owls whistling at once. The movement of Angelo's ears roused my suspicion. Some one must be near by. Just then some footpads stepped out. I covered them and shouted, "Yol atch! Open the way!" and they scampered.

At that place centuries of use have worn the rock road into a succession of trenches seven or eight feet deep in the rock and wide enough for a pack-laden horse. I had been over the road in daylight the previous year and remembered that a number of zigzag turns farther on was one crooked trench eminently suited to the purposes of any covetous Turpin. Angelo did magnificently, and we got past it before the rascals could arrive. Fortunately there were no trees near; so I did not have to go slowly for fear of being flipped out of the saddle by night lines. Angelo's mighty thighs worked so well that we reached the Cilician end of the Amanian Gates and came out on the plain sooner than seemed possible. To reward the good horse I looked for a grassy place where he might graze and I could rest. I came to one free from bushes and, feeling secure against surprise, dismounted and abandoned myself to the beauty of the night.

The rain had ceased hours before, and several nightingales were striving divinely to outsing one another. Through their songs the frogs kept up their rhythmic chorus of "Brek-ek-ek-ek-co-ax, co-ax," just as their ancestors did for old Aristophanes, who has it exactly. It is nothing like the piping of our American frogs. The combination of sounds drew me into the fields of memory, where I wandered far away as fancies led me.



DRAWINGS BY
HENRY FITZ

We do not notice the ticking of a clock till it stops. So it was that I missed the steady champ of Angelo's grazing. I looked out under him, followed his gaze and saw a tall slender bush where I could have sworn there was none when I dismounted. I put it down to my recent excitement over the footpads and thought that I might be "seeing things," as one is likely to do when very tired and the hour is late.

As I peered the "bush" took a stealthy step forward, and with a breath-catching shock I realized that it was a cloaked Circassian on a dark horse. I got up and called on him in Arabic and Turkish to explain his presence or I would fire. But there he sat, more like a werewolf than a man, and kept a silence that was peculiarly horrifying. All Has-san's tales of Circassians and their captives flashed into my memory. I shot, struck his horse in the shoulder, and it pitched over, groaning. With a tremendous jerk on the bridle and a storm of furious blows he whipped the poor beast to its feet and galloped into the brush.

My heart was beating like the engines of a liner and pained me almost unbearably. I



grew calmer and thought, "I'd better be going. This is no place to loiter." And I set out for Osmania. The road there runs across a spur, and at the top of it I saw a second mounted man outlined against the sky. Remembering Has-san's advice, I went for him, and he vanished.

Like any thoughtless youngster, I had begun to congratulate myself on my nerve when ahead and to the left I noticed what appeared to be two fireflies in a curious joggling flight. I broke into a canter, and they preserved the same distance. From childhood I had known that *Kanadil il harami*, robbers' lamps, is the Arabic name for fireflies. But not till that minute did the sinister meaning of the name strike me. The "fireflies" jogged because they were being carried by mounted men for signals.

Suddenly both fireflies went up in the air and described circles. Angelo turned his ears to the right. I heard the thud of hoofs and saw a third firefly galloping across to join the first two. I knew then that I was in for it and angrily determined to outwit the scoundrels. I remembered fording a river the year before with Dr. T. D. Christie, of Tarsus, and Has-san. It might have been some two miles ahead and has very steep banks. I knew that the robbers would keep after me, picking up successive members of the band till they had collected enough to make resistance difficult. So I intended to reach the river first, ford it, hide my too-visible, light-colored horse, dismount and shoot at them as they came up against the skyline at the ford.

I have seldom been more angered than I was that night, and the excitement stirred up the old neuralgia in my heart. I felt cold drops of water on my hands; at first I thought it was rain, but discovered that it was pain sweat falling from my face. Two things kept me up. One was that we would rather die than let any native see an American show the white feather. The other was an amyl-nitrite pearl that I crushed and inhaled to keep my heart to its task. Angelo held to his steady gallop till I began to see the folly of trying to outdistance men who probably knew every bypath in the region. I reached the ford well ahead and was half dismounted when a horde of yelling dogs rushing down the bank from a Gypsy camp revealed my whereabouts and ruined my plan with their noise. Ambush was impossible, and I went on. I saw the fireflies come on, dip out of sight and appear again. They had crossed the river. I could have stood anything rather than the uncanny silence of the rascals. It had begun to wear on my nerves just as they intended it should.

Going became heavy, and I realized that the towering mass of Giour Dag, Infidel Mountain, the extinct volcano where Pompey took the last of the pirates, was behind me instead of to my left. I had lost the road and knew then that I was riding north into

the bottomless Jihan swamp instead of west toward Osmania. I turned and in hunting for the road noticed that the fireflies only tried to stop me from going in one particular direction; therefore I knew that the road must lie there. More than once they massed in front and would not disperse till I was almost among them. Then Angelo's hoofs clattered on hard road. He sighed with relief, for he knew that he was headed for a stable and barley.

The fireflies now changed their tactics and did all sorts of things to confuse me as to their number and whereabouts. Their game I could see was to wear me to the point of surrender or take me by surprise. All three would disappear and as suddenly flash out on the other side of the road. Then perhaps two would be ahead, and one who had rounded to the rear would dash past as close as he could without being shot. That may have been to draw my fire and make me waste my ammunition.

I came to a sleeping caravan and longed to dismount, but thought it less ignoble to chance being taken by Circassians than to be shot by an affrighted, half-awake muleteer.

Shortly after that two more fireflies joined the first three, and their constant feinting and shifting was enough to bewilder Argus.

I was fearfully tired and ready to drop. For some time I had been annoyed by something tapping at my heel and catching on my spur. I reached down and found that the girth was loose. I was very glad

that as a child I had ridden in contests with girths loose to see who could stick on longest. I had to ride by balance and trust that the breast strap and crupper would keep the saddle on Angelo's back.

Not long after that I passed a second caravan, but kept on, straining my eyes for the lights of Osmania. At last among the tall poplars I could make out a few dim lights. Then a sixth firefly joined the others. They seemed possessed of the devil and rode round me till it became hopeless to keep count of them. Fast and furious it grew and more often than I can tell one would try to rush me. Once Angelo gave a great leap to the left that almost unhorsed me, and a Circassian slashed at me with his *khandjar* as he swept by from the rear. I can hear its wicked whine yet.

They were desperate, and so was I. Three times they bunched and dashed across the road. The third time one stayed where he was and tried to take me by surprise. I told him that I would surely shoot him if he came near again. A fourth time they bunched and disappeared. But one remained, rode along at a safe distance and followed me part way into town. I hammered on the *khan* gate with the butt of my revolver. Something made me look round, and there under a dim street lamp sat one of the rascals on his horse. I had a fleeting glimpse of his eyes glittering over the edge of his black cloth mask. He looked me over keenly, then made me what I took to be a mocking salute in the Turkish manner and vanished round the corner.

The sleep-sodden *khanji* let me in. I was so exhausted that it took my last bit of energy to make sure that Angelo had his nobly-earned rubdown and feed. For hours sleep was impossible. I simply dripped with sweat. To quiet my nerves I set down the adventure in my sketchbook.

I fully expected the fireflies to follow me the next day. That they did not puzzled me. On my return I asked the Osmania *khanji* the reason, and he replied, "Well, you see, *effendim*, first off, you shot one of their horses. On account of the dark they couldn't see that you were a hatted one until that one followed you to my door."

That didn't sound very convincing. Besides, knowing *khanjis* as I do, I thought it likely that he had told the band that I had no valuables. But either Angelo or my revolvers would have been worth their while; revolvers and such weapons are sold on the sly in the bazaars at enormous prices. Months afterwards Has-san gave me the most likely explanation.

"Do you forget what your father the Buyuk Hakim did for us?" he said. "Did he not cure our overlord Abu Bekir and all our sick? When we had nothing to eat and no work did he not give us honorable employment? Did the Turks do for us even one of the many things they promised us, their fellow believers? Yet your father helped us, and we gave him our oath of fealty to him and his."

"All very true, Has-san, but what has that to do with those fellows at Osmania? Why didn't they follow me the next day?"

"There is no place that does not know your father, but"—with gentle irony—"there might be some that would not know you," he replied. "When we went through

there last year I told everyone whose son you are. When that fellow followed you into the town he discovered that you were the Buyuk Hakim's son. That is why he saluted and left you. From that moment you were safe. We Circassians keep our word."

END OF THE SERIES.

COASTS OF PERIL

Chapter Three The London Bird

By
George Allan England

At the bottom of the ladder Bob found himself in a steel-walled passage lighted only by a single electric bulb. One way was as good as another. He accordingly worked forward, entered a freight hold and took cover like a rabbit "gone to earth."

His retreat was a cramped space among packing cases. Dark it was, wet and redolent of oil, bilge water and the indefinable mixture of smells that reign in every ship's hold. But to Bob it represented a haven of refuge. Thankfully he crawled into it, huddled down and made ready for the long black hours ahead.

"This is pretty slick all right!" he thought exultantly. A few hours ago he wouldn't have looked at such a kennel. When a fellow is virtually "dead broke" he can't be particular.

From his black lair he could see nothing except a dim incandescent gleam round an angle of the boxes. The hold was nearly as dark as his pocket. There wasn't much to listen to either. Now and then heavy boots tramped overhead; and as the Kyle bucked into the rising seas the freight groaned and creaked a little. The *thud-thud-thud* of the engines made a steady, soothing contrabass. And that was all.

Bob eased himself into his hiding place, trying to fit it as well as he could. He was dirty, greasy and wet; he knew not what fate had in store for him, and he possessed only that wretched, paltry two dollars and thirty-one cents. But he was happy. Through all the misery of his loss and bewilderment, yes, he was happy, for was he not aboard the same ship with the thief? Was he not hot on the trail? Was it not a great adventure?

So far so good. Then he began thinking how, if he ever reached Grand Bank, he was going to get into St. Pierre without a passport; and then his mind wandered to the Grand Hotel. He was glad he didn't really owe Mr. Matherson anything. His suitcase and things would more than pay the bill. He didn't mind losing them. He didn't mind anything now, so long as the thief couldn't escape him, so long as he could get to St. Pierre in time and redeem himself in the eyes of his brother.

For perhaps half an hour nothing happened. Then some sailors came and closed a door or a bulkhead. He heard the dull verberation of metal. For a moment or two unsteady beams of lantern light flickered on the iron plates of the freight hold. The sailors presently departed, and all grew dark again.

"I'm shut in here now," Bob said to himself.

He was uneasy. The idea of being locked into a musty freight hold isn't pleasant. Bob was chilly too, and the swing of the ship wasn't making his stomach any too comfortable. In spite of everything, however, he

still felt sure that justice was going to be done. Exactly how he didn't know, but it was going to be done somehow.

"I'll land that thief yet or bust!" said Bob in the gloom. "And I'm not going to bust, that's certain!"

He found a position that didn't cramp him quite so badly and lay still. He went on thinking about his family and Boston and home, St. Pierre, the coal mine at Glace Bay, the robbery and what he was going to do—and then, with wandering attention, just what his brother would say—and what—

He never completed his imaginings; sleep took him. Tired out and hungry, dirty, "broke" except for two dollars and thirty-one cents, involved in overwhelming complications for which he himself was all to blame and through which he was being carried away to the harsh, foggy coasts of Newfoundland, there he lay and slept in the forward freight hold of the Kyle.

A light that was dazzling to his startled eyes suddenly woke him. Confused and not understanding where he was or why, the boy started up. His head struck something hard, and he crouched back again, shivering. He saw a lantern held in a grimy hand.

"'Ello, there," he heard a cautious voice. "'Oo in time are you, hany'ow, an' wot you doin' 'ere?"

Bob was too much stupefied to answer. He felt dazed with the shock of the sudden waking and of the blow on the head. He could only rub his scalp and blink.

"'Ow'd you get 'ere, eh?" demanded the voice.

Bob's half-blinded eyes beheld a rough young fellow of about his own age in a ragged, striped sweater and greasy trousers drawn tight with a belt. The young man had a British cast of countenance, and his speech proclaimed him a cockney. Bob was greatly relieved. Whatever might happen, he knew he hadn't been discovered by an officer of the ship.

"I—I'm an American," he answered. "I couldn't get a ticket. So I—I came aboard anyhow."

"'Oh! You come aboard hany'ow, did you? My, that's jolly, ain't it? You must be a bloomin' ol' sport. I s'y!" And the cockney held his lantern close to Bob's face and studied it.

"'So you're a stowaw'y, are you?" he remarked as he sat down on a box and dangled one leg. He wore no socks; his feet were thrust naked into huge brogans. "A bloomin' stowaw'y, wot?"

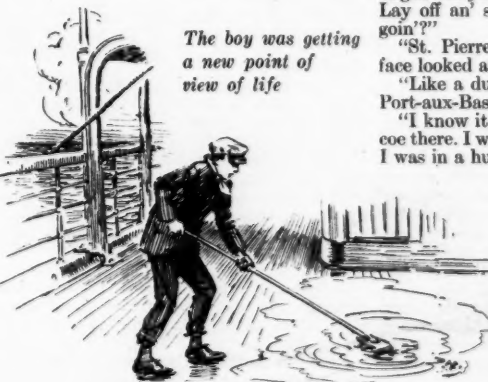
"I suppose so," answered Bob. "But—" The other raised a warning hand that was innocent of soap and water. His expression became portentous. "Sh-h-h-h! A h'officer might 'ear you, an' then you'd ketch wot fer! Lay off an' stow the loud gab. Where you goin'?"

"St. Pierre," answered the boy, and his face looked anxious.

"Like a duck! This 'ere boat's bound fer Port-aux-Basques."

"I know it. I'm trying to catch the Glen-coe there. I was told it might go to St. Pierre. I was in a hurry—couldn't wait for the Pro Patria."

The cockney laughed in low tones. He seemed cautious. "Well," said he, "if you wote fer the Glen-coe to tyke you to St. Pier you'll 'ave whiskers a mile long afore you get there. She's off that run now. You might catch a 'ooker as 'd tyke you from Basques, an' then again you might not. But



The boy was getting a new point of view of life

hany'ow the Pro Patria'll beat you to St. Pier 'ands down."

The cockney paused and reflected with a calculating expression. Then he said: "Now, Yank, if I 'ad one guess I'd s'y you was pretty flat broke. Fact is, you ain't got much chink, 'ave you?"

"Well, no," admitted the stowaway with a rueful smile.

"I thought you 'adn't. So you can't p'y when it comes time to land at Port-aux-Basques. My word! You are in fer it, me bucko, when they ketches you!"

Bob felt alarmed. Here was a new point that suddenly troubled him. How in the world was he ever going to leave the steamer? Dejectedly he pondered the matter.

Meanwhile the cockney looked highly ominous. Bob's teeth began to chatter a little with cold, hunger and nervousness.

His questioner once more raised the lantern, carefully inspecting him. He seemed weighing matters. All at once he demanded:

"Ow much brass you got?"

"Brass?"

"Tin, rhino! Ow! Don't you Yanks understand when you 'ears H'english spoke?"

"Oh, you mean money?"

"That's wot I said! 'Ow much?"

"Well, I've got about two dollars and thirty-one cents, I guess."

"Blimey! You're a bloomin' millionaire, ain't you? That's a little less 'n 'arf a quid. Let's think now."

Bob waited while the cockney thought. All at once the fellow exclaimed, still in guarded tones: "That's a bloomin' fine cravat you got. Silk, eh?"

"Yes. What about it?"

"That cap an' that collar ain't too bad. An' I see you got a front."

"A front?"

"Ow! Watch an' chyne! Cawn't you talk? Look 'ere, Yank. I'm honest, I am! My moniker's the London Bird, an' I'm honest like a duck. I'm a forem'st hand aboard 'ere. Now, blimey, you gimme all yer brass an' yer cap, collar an' cravat an' yer front, an' I won't blow yer to the h'officers. Ain't that honest now? Of course I'll tyke yer coat too, thankee."

"It's too much!" objected Bob. "I can't do it!"

"All right. Then you'll suffer awful. But you 'ave over, an' I'll fix you all up proper an' give you some tuck—"

"Tuck!"

"Grub, blimey! An' I'll get you on shore syfe an' sound!"

"Can you do that?" demanded Bob with hopes awakening.

"Can I do it? Like a duck! Fork over."

"I—I don't know," objected Bob. His wits were sharper now, and he was thinking fast. "My watch is gold. It's worth a lot more than the passage to Newfoundland."

"Yes, an' 'ow long will you get in clink if they ketches you?" demanded the London Bird and made as if to go.

"Here, come back!" cried Bob. "I give up!"

"There, that's better," said the cockney, grinning.

In a couple of minutes Bob was minus his money, his collar and tie, coat, cap, watch and chain.

"That's a little bit of all right. An' I won't treat you bad, Yank. I'm honest, I am! You wyte 'ere an' see."

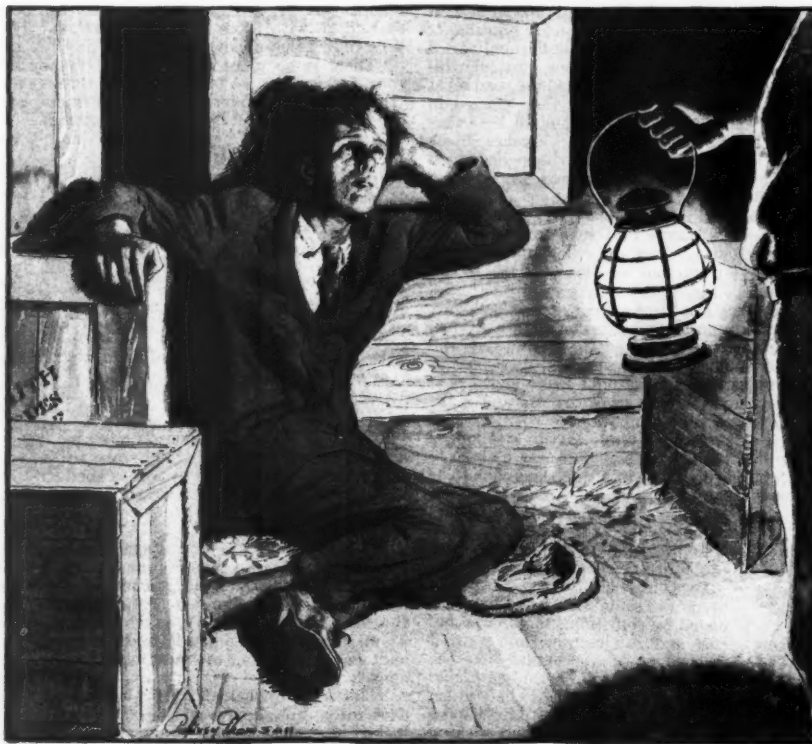
The London Bird departed, leaving Bob to shiver.

Alone in the dark, the stowaway indulged in bitter reflections. But at all events he wasn't a quitter; he was going through.

After a while the London Bird returned. By then Bob's head was aching a little, and he felt a trifle seasick. The cockney had some meal sacking with him, a ragged tarpaulin and also some clothing, a paper bag and a bottle. "Ere's a bed fer you, Yank," said he, "an' some ship's biscuit an' cold coffee. An' another cap an' a neckercher an' a proper London tylor-myde coat. Now myke yerself 'appy an' get a few winks."

Again he disappeared, this time for good. Bob ate and drank, boggled himself into the ragged old coat, hauled on the greasy cap, knotted the kerchief round his neck, and presently, completely tired out, slept in the tarpaulin among the freight.

In the gray, foggy dawn of another day the London Bird awoke him with a shake of the arm. Bob sat up digging his eyes. Cold light through a port-hole made the London Bird look tougher than ever.



"Ow'd you get 'ere, eh?" demanded the voice

"Elo, me 'earty!" said he. "We're off the Newfun'lan' coast now. Come along an' do wot I s'y an' keep yer bloomin' bird cyge shut!"

Hungry, cold and shivering, Bob obeyed meekly enough. Through devious ways the London Bird led him, then up a narrow iron ladder and out on deck. The wind searched Bob keenly. A heavy gray sea came rolling southeastward under a lowering fog. The stowaway never had beheld so drab a prospect or one more dangerous looking. But he had little time for reflection. The cockney thrust a long-handled brush into his hand and shoved him toward some other workers. "Ere's the water now," said he. "Scrub like a good 'un!"

The water came with a rush from a hose in the hands of a sailor in high sea boots, a huge jersey and a sou'wester. All hands began scrubbing decks.

One or two cast curious looks at Bob, but no one addressed him. For the first time in his life he found himself engaged in hard, compulsory labor.

The London Bird kept close to him and now and then growled instructions and also admonitions about keeping his "bird cyge" closed. Bob's sea-sickness and headache increased. He had to steady himself with the handle of the brush against the heavy roll of the ship. He was weak and cold, dishevelled and dirty. And the deck space, aloft and alow, seemed endless. The few scattered passengers—among whom Bob's eager, anxious eyes could not find the thief—gave him no heed. As a deck hand the boy was getting a new point of view of life. For the first time he was realizing what social classes mean when viewed from beneath.

All things come to an end, however. The swabbing of the decks was finally done. The work ended none too soon for Bob, however, for his hands were sore and his back ached abominably.

"That's all now," said the cockney. "Keep close to me an' watch yer jaw. See Newfun'lan'? Off there to port."

Bob leaned wearily on the rail. The distant land through a break in the fog looked a hard place. He saw dim, cruelly jagged rocks, with white lashes of sudden foam slaving up against them.

Far ahead a wraith of a schooner came beating toward the Kyle. Nearer by two dories, one propelled by a motor, the other by a sail, swung in wild waves. Bob watched them plunge out of sight and then heave aloft once more. How could they live in such a sea?

"Do the Newfoundland men go out fishing in such a storm?" he asked.

"Wot storm, Yank? This 'ere's fine weather fer Newfun'lan'!"

Bob remained silent, amazed. The fog shifted with characteristic suddenness, and all at once a cluster of small, plain, box-like houses came into view. Bob saw whitish cliffs powdered with flying spray and a great lighthouse on a headland. The keeper's dwelling was stayed with cables to prevent its being blown away. Misty, greenish gray hills faded far back into the hinterland. And as the Kyle ploughed steadily through the great gray seas, riding them down and crumbling them starboard and port, a channel appeared, the mouth of which was a mad tumble of whitecaps over wicked black shoals.

Bob's spirits sank. So here was Newfoundland, nothing but that barren and lofty shore, surf-lashed, with a gray sky and a drive of slaty clouds veiling the sun. Huddled in his cap and ragged coat, wet and chilled and hungry, the boy shivered with chattering teeth. "That's a hard-looking country, I must say!" he observed.

"Call that 'ard?" replied the London Bird. "Blimey, you ain't seen nothin' yet. Why, anybody could navigate 'ere like a duck! Wyte till you get down Cape Lahune w'y! You'll see rocks! This 'ere's the Garding of H'eden, aside of them cliffs! 'Elo! Wot now?"

He pointed to where the schooner crossing the Kyle's bow came round on the starboard tack and stood in toward the liner. Bob saw men at her rail lowering a dory. Three or four leaped into it. The dory cast off. Battered by heavy seas, tossed like a cork, it still made progress toward the steamer. At the same time the Kyle's whistle roared, and the engines slackened their tramping.

The London Bird leaned far out over the rail and peered forward. "Mail boat from Rose Blanche," he explained. "An'—ello—blimey if they ain't a passenger gettin' off!"

Bob didn't understand very well. He too looked. True enough, the Jacob's ladder had been slung over down the black steel wall of the ship's side. With the roll of the steamer it swung wide, whacking viciously against the metal plates at each plunge to starboard.

A man clambered over the rail and went down the ladder, hanging fast to the knotted ropes. Now the dory hauled in close till the waves and the "cross-lop" from the steamer tossed it furiously. A seaman flung a line. In the dory, a rough-clad man caught it and hauled taut. The dory trailed now, dragged along by the steamer's headway. It swung in close under the end of the Jacob's ladder. Sailors in the small boat shored it off with oars. Down, down clambered the man. Down lunged the dory; then up, up, up it

heaved on a frothing, savage crest. The departing passenger watched his chance as he clung at the bottom, with the hungry sea waiting to gulp him.

"Now!" shouted one of the dorymen.

The man on the ladder leaped for the boat, landed on a thwart and went sprawling to the bottom grating. He scrambled to a seat in the stern sheets. The sailors pushed off, red-faced with the exertion of fending their shell of a dory away from the grim black steel that might easily have crushed them.

Now the Jacob's ladder was hauled up, hanging on the plates. A mail sack was thrown over on the end of a line. One of the men caught it, jerked loose the hitch that held it and tossed the bag under a thwart. The line snaked upward. In the engine room the telegraph jangled: "Full speed ahead!"

The men in the dory bent to their "paddles," as oars are called in that country. From his place in the stern sheets the departing passenger glanced up at the side of the Kyle, which he was thus unceremoniously leaving. Bob got one clear, unmistakable sight of his face.

"Good night!" he groaned and clutched the rail.

"Wot's the row, Yank?" demanded the London Bird, astonished.

Bob did not answer; he couldn't. The face of the man had almost stunned him with chagrin. It was the face of the thief, the man with the black beard!

As the steamer gathered speed again and set her nose toward the foam-lashed channel Bob remained leaning against the rail. He understood either that Fate was against him or that the thief, knowing his victim to be on board, had given him the slip once more and had made a break for Rose Blanche, whence he could work on down the coast toward St. Pierre. Bob felt dazed, outplayed, baffled beyond all words.

"Come, wyke up, you!" commanded the London Bird. "We're goin' into Port-aux-Basques harbor now. An' you got to look sharp to get ashore without bein' pinched. There's constables on the dock there, an' we'll be landin' in a quarter hour. You look alive!"

As he spoke a step sounded on the deck behind them. They both turned. Bob saw a man in a blue coat with brass buttons and a gold-braided nautical cap—an officer of the ship. The London Bird edged away, somewhat pale. The officer advanced to Bob, on whom he cast a sternly suspicious eye. Bob trembled. His heart was in his boots—the boots that were almost everything of his own that the London Bird had left him.

"Who the deuce are you anyhow?" the officer demanded in a sharp, hard voice. "And what you doing here aboard the Kyle?"

"E's the cook's new 'elper, sir," the London Bird spoke up. "Name of Jim Sanders, sir. Potato boy an' such like. Come aboard in place o' Tom McCue."

"I don't know anything about him!" replied the officer, who bore the word "Quartermaster" on his cap. "He never signed on, and what's more, he looks uncommon like a stowaway to me. See that he reports to me when we dock. And if he isn't all right—"

The quartermaster turned on his heel and walked aft. The interview had lasted only a minute, and Bob hadn't spoken a word, but he found himself trembling. To the weakness of seasickness and unaccustomed labor now was added the weakness of fear.

"What—what'll I do now?" he stammered. "If he finds out—"

"If he do, I'll ketch jolly ol' blyzes," replied the London Bird, "an' so'll you! So I'll do the best I can. You pyde me 'andsome, an' I'm honest, I am! But it's a cruel 'ard place we're in. We'll be docked in ten minutes. Well, you stick aloof of me an' do as I s'y, that's all. No; wyte fer me 'ere!"

He turned and shuffled away. Presently he returned with a large meal sack. "Ere, tyke this!" he commanded and thrust it into Bob's hand.

"What for?"

"Get over the ryle as soon as we're fast an' leg it towards the town, that's wot fer!"

"What's the idea of the bag? How'll that help me?"

"You'll see—h'unless that bloke of a quartermaster 'appens to remember or get a bloomin' h'eye on you. You do as I s'y!"

"But I don't understand."
 "Ow! You ain't got the brynes to h'understand nothink! You're goin' to go ashore to buy blue noses, see? An' if you don't never come back, that ain't my fault, is it?"

"Blue noses?"
 "Spuds, you h'idiot! Pums de terrier, as the Frenchies s'y. Now do you tumble?"
 "Oh!" Bob exclaimed as a light dawned on him.

The London Bird, looking much disgusted, added: "Look alive, I'm tellin' you. 'Cos we're in port now!"

True enough the Kyle was already ploughing her way at reduced speed into Port-aux-Basques harbor.

To starboard a long and hilly coast stretched into the formless vapors. To port breakers were tumbling over a vicious reef; and beyond rose a lofty headland crowned by Channel Head Light. The distance was considerable; yet as the Kyle drew past a passenger would have thought he could almost toss a biscuit ashore.

Forward lay a small island with a little white light tower on it. Off the port bow the

town itself had now become visible—a straggling village built of small box-like houses painted red, green, blue—every color except the white that makes New England villages so cleanly attractive. None of the houses had shutters—a fact that gave them a singularly staring appearance, like lidless eyes.

Behind the town Bob saw a high hill crowned with a signal mast with halyards flying, and beyond through a gap he caught glimpses of blue-green mountains. Numerous schooners were either lying at anchor in the harbor or were tied up at various wharves. Dories were plying here and there, propelled by men with oars—men who stood up and pushed their oars instead of pulling them. A few small sailing boats with umber canvas were beating out to sea.

Now the Kyle had slowed till she was making only steerageway. Sailors were gathering on the fo'c'sle head and along the rail, getting ready the "strings," as the huge hawsers are usually called in those parts. In a state of high nervous tension Bob waited.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BALD FACE *By N.G. Hedin*

BALD FACE had been numbered among the dead for three summers, not because his great hide adorned any hunter's cabin, but because he had disappeared. For five years before his disappearance two counties on the east slope of the Cascade Range had joined in the offer for his scalp.

Like his cousin, the Rocky Mountain grizzly, he had a freakish appetite. Having contented himself with roots, berries, honey and mushrooms for some years, he seemed suddenly to remember his cub days when his mother fed him meat—sheep and elk, stray hogs and calves that she killed to satisfy his hunger. Thus it was that Bald Face, the Cascade Grizzly, looked along the east fringe of the great forest for meat.

He had learned many things from his mother in the two summers that he had followed her over the forest-strewn hills of the Cascade Divide. He hated man and feared him. While in the lower levels he paused every few rods and tested the wind with his sensitive nose for fresh signs of man. A week he spent going from the Warm Springs River north along the edge of the broken plain. There, avoiding the sheep herders and their annoying dogs, he took a choice lamb from the scattered flocks. The next night it was a young steer that had too boldly strayed from the herd.

One day while he was intent on finishing the ants in a rotten white fir log he forgot that he was not back on the divide where men seldom annoy. He was startled to hear hoofbeats and men's voices. His mane bristled instantly, and he bolted from his meal toward the chaparral and pine thicket. He heard several gunshots, but kept his huge body almost continuously behind rocks, bushes or trees. The country was broken where a water draw had picked its rambling course. The hoofbeats were close, but not gaining. As he rounded the trunk of a great fir a stinging pain burnt through his body. At the same instant two bullets flattened against a boulder just in front of his nose. He rolled into the water draw and for a hundred yards ran at right angles to his former course. He heard the horses thunder into the water break and knew he must keep up his speed despite the pain. Bloody froth dropped from his open mouth.

Over a fir ridge and through a manzanita patch he tore like a thunder bolt. Again he heard gunshots and the whistle of that unseen thing that only man can deal out at a distance. He knew it meant that the cowboys were aware of his trick and again had caught a glimpse of his rolling bulk. He was near another water course, and this time he went up the dry channel at the speed of a race horse. As he plunged into the gully the cowboys scattered in order to catch him either way he went, but they failed to estimate his speed correctly and were behind him when he rounded the upper bed of the draw into a great thicket of firs and pines. Rapidly they circled the thicket, but none dared to enter it, and they could not see ten feet ahead. So they left Bald Face there to nurse his wound.

The story went from camp to camp, and after a while, since no more cattle, hogs or

sheep were killed, people said that Bald Face was dead.

They did not see the suffering, stiff bear drag himself to the Warm Springs River to plaster his wound with mud. And after he had fasted and rested for many days they did not see what a deer family saw—a convalescent bear of unusual size go over the summit prairie in the moonlight toward the southwest. Bald Face did not disturb the deer family. He had learned from his mother that bears were neither fast enough nor cunning enough to catch the fleet and alert deer. So too the deer had learned not to fear the bear's respectful presence in the same meadow or berry patch. Bald Face had heard the west wind telling of fall rains on the western slope and of swollen stream where salmon would be shooting the falls. He would feast on huckleberries on the warm south slope of Mt. Jefferson and then follow the juicy mushrooms to the Clackamas River for a feast of salmon. So it was for three summers; no man had seen Bald Face, the missing grizzly.

Three years he roamed Mt. Jefferson, his chosen field, where broken cliffs and waterfalls supplied his every want. But one day while he was ambling up a beaver slide to the edge of a sparkling pool he sniffed the air from the north. The human scent, it said. He snapped his great jaws in defiance; he would not run; this was his land. He stood behind a boulder, bristling and testing the air with his open nostrils, piercing the shadows of the great forest with his keen brown eyes. His ears caught the faint snap of a twig. Great drops of saliva dripped from his open jaws.

The human scent grew stronger. Soon a forest ranger on a gray horse came through the pines. A snort from the horse told the rider of danger, and Bald Face knew that his enemy was aware of his presence. With unsheathed teeth and bristling mane he charged the rider, who instantly fired. The bullet plowed into the bear's shoulder. The ranger fired again and missed. His horse stampeded as Bald Face came within forty yards. The ranger let go the reins in his desperate effort to aim again. Four more

shots he fired, once putting a neat hole in the bear's left ear; then the gray horse stumbled and fell, throwing the ranger into a thicket of vines and maples.

With a roar Bald Face rushed upon the horse, which became bewildered without its rider. One ripping sweep of his sound forearm opened the hide halfway across the horse's back. Realizing his peril, the frightened creature kicked desperately with both hind feet, knocking the wind out of Bald Face, who struck with his wounded forearm, but missed again. The bleeding horse leaped the largest logs and plunged recklessly into the north after the frightened ranger, who had fled from the scene, terror-stricken. Bald Face was growling over the smoking abandoned gun; he was getting revenge and had learned that a truly great bear is a match for a man and a horse. Again he plastered his wound with mud and crawled into a basalt cave to rest and grow strong to fight his hated enemy—man.

As the days went by the ranger of the Mt. Jefferson Range contracted the district to the sheep men, who drove their flocks to the meadow pastures near the many lakes of the region. The doubting Thomases had had to believe the ranger's story when four days after the battle the gray horse reached the pasture at the ranger station with a raw wound and a sore back from not being uncinched for four days. But no one thought it was Bald Face that had done the damage, because he was believed to be dead.

The sheep packer had brought in two weeks' supply of grub to the herder near Olalie Butte and had gone again with his pack mules toward the plains, fifty miles to the northeast. Bald Face was out nibbling greens and exercising his stiff shoulder when the sheep scent came strong from the northwest. Wolf Meadows must have a flock of sheep, he thought; that meant men and dogs. Bald Face crossed the river and took the wind after the sheep scent. Soon he found the wide path of the sheep and here and there the man scent and the dog scent. He growled in deep-chested fashion and chopped his jaws in anticipation of the coming battle. He no longer feared man. He only hated and desired to kill.

Nightfall had found the sheep bedded on Wolf Meadows near the herder's camp. After the lambs had found their ewes, the herder, a little Swiss bachelor, bade his dogs mind the resting band. Then, taking his gun, he followed the trail toward Olalie Butte, where his brother had another band of sheep grazing. Thus it was that Bald Face came upon a dying campfire with only sheep dogs to guard the flock. After circling to get into the direct wind the bear approached the sheep cautiously. There was no sound. In the starlight he saw the herder's tent. It fired his veins, and he charged the white canvas thing. Instantly three shrieking sheep dogs challenged him. He paid them no heed but ripped the tent into strips, demolishing things generally. One young shepherd dog, whose pride had been injured, grabbed Bald Face in the flank. With a swing of his claws the bear disemboweled the dog and then tore his scalp off with a snap of his teeth. The sheep fled in terror. Bald Face feasted on sheep and killed others that he did not eat.

The herder returned an hour later and on seeing the destruction fled back to his brother, saying that a bear as big as a cow had wrecked his camp! He was not a lion tamer or a grizzly bear hunter and wanted to quit.

"But you can't quit," his brother protested. "It's the law you can't desert the sheep until another herder comes in. I'll go to the Forest Observatory and telephone for help; we must gather the sheep."

"He nearly killed the ranger; bullets don't stop him."

"Yes," said the other; "the right kind of bullets will stop a battleship, and he must be killed. We will get help and kill him."

Three days later a Swede named Oscar Lund came from Portland in answer to the call for help. Many farmers and two forest rangers were helping to gather up the sheep.

"My name is Oscar Lund," he said. "I came to get that bear. Where do you pasture him?"

"Can't say exactly; he was back night be-

fore last, but no one saw him. He killed one sheep and two lambs. His track is about the size of a city block."

"I understand there was a reward of five hundred dollars from the two counties for this Bald Face bear," said Lund. "Does that stand?"

"I'm the owner of four bands of sheep here, Mr. Lund," replied the man addressed, "and I'll pay five hundred dollars alone for his scalp."

"All right. Now, men, will you show me where he was last seen?"

"Down that meadow half a mile. He took back toward the Cedar Creek district."

That afternoon the little Swiss herder watched curiously while the big Swede prepared for battle. He cleaned his two revolvers and his rifle. He unwrapped six hand grenades and, using tallow from the dead sheep, made poison bait.

"Would you shoot that big bear?" inquired the herder. "Man, he's as big as a Hereford bull!"

"Why yes, Mr. Herder, I think I would if I got a bead on him," Lund replied. "I used to blast up in Alaska and Norway, and I have shot a good many big fellows, but it's some time ago."

"Oh, man, all my life I'm scared of that big bear; he's a bear with a gray face like death!"

"Bald Face—he's a grizzly; I've seen two before of the bald-face type. They are very fierce."

"Man," said the herder, anxiously, "I hope he don't kill you first. I wish my job was now quit."

"Oh, I hardly think it as bad as that, Mr. Herder. He ought to be bagged one of these days."

For two days the experienced hunter strolled round the hills, finding many signs of the great bear. The second night just before daybreak the big fellow killed three sheep, and Lund was after him early. All day he followed the trail, which curved like a great horseshoe. About four o'clock while he was resting against a mossy log he gazed up the timbered slope squarely into the face of the huge bear; from his mouth hung a piece of sheep's wool. Oscar Lund fired a high-power ball into the big fellow's shoulder. Bald Face instantly charged. Four times the hunter fired, and each time he inflicted a mortal wound. Then he quickly detached a grenade and threw it to a spot at which he figured it would meet the oncoming bear. Again he threw a grenade, and then he reloaded his great rifle.

The first grenade turned the savage grizzly over. He tumbled and roared till the woods echoed with hideous sounds. The sheep men heard the firing. An hour later they came timidly over the slope.

"Hello," called Lund. "I've tagged him. He's as big as a steam shovel! My, what a battle-scarred pelt!"

Three trips of a pack horse took out the meat to Government Camp, where it sold for fifty cents a pound. Oscar Lund opened the bear's stomach and found unbroken bones of the sheep's leg joints swallowed whole and great quantities of huckleberry brush that would have seemed too coarse for a cow to eat. The explanation is that Bald Face had scarcely any back teeth and therefore had eaten his food without chewing it. He was old and wise, but not too wise for the ingenuity of man.

Thus the history of Bald Face, the Cascade Grizzly, closed in an exciting chapter and the big Swede hunter received a large reward. Like the coyotes, black bears and brown may visit the Cascade sheep camps and take toll, but the humble Swiss herders do not feel the terror of the forest night, since Bald Face, the last of the powerful, keen-brained grizzlies, has been gathered to his forefathers.

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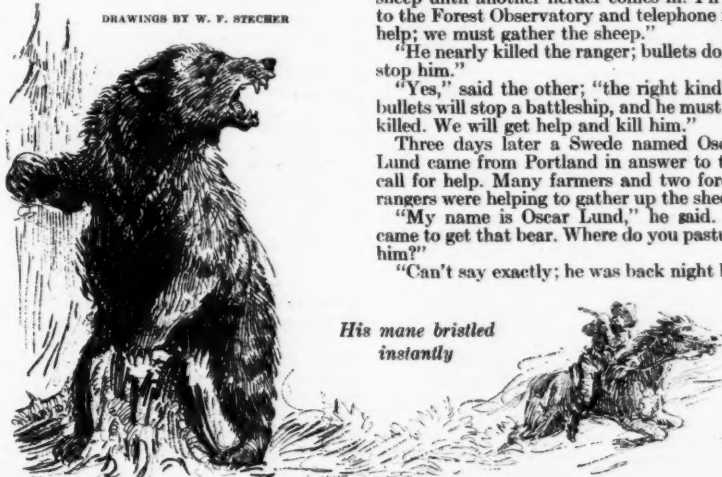
A PROBABLE EXPLANATION

MRS. GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS, wife of the famous English artist, relates in her recent biography of her husband how he happened to miss meeting Rossetti's wife, who had been the beautiful Miss Siddall.

He once told Rossetti that he was sorry he had never met her, and Rossetti responded cordially, "Oh, come and dine. I will write to you."

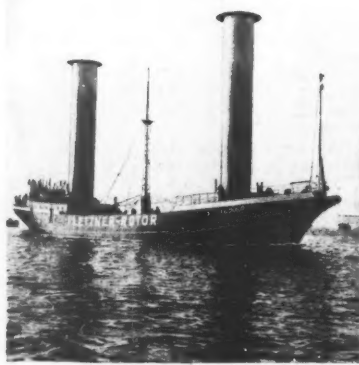
But no invitation arrived, and Mr. Watts did not dine with the Rossettis. Much later, however, Rossetti wrote to him saying:

"I did write to ask you to dinner, but as you did not come I thought the letter had miscarried; and I have been partly confirmed in that impression by finding it in my pocket."



His mane bristled instantly

© Keystone View



A sailing vessel without sails: the rotor ship

FACT AND COMMENT

REFUSING TO FORGIVE is setting yourself a pretty severe standard.

The Difference 'twixt Art and Trade is plain: Art strives for Excellence and Trade for Gain.

AN UNKIND WORD is like a stone that is started downhill; it may do no harm, or it may start an avalanche of trouble.

IN ARABIA, as in many other countries, salt is the symbol of hospitality, and among the Arabs hospitality is almost a sacred thing. They tell of a thief who broke into a house one night and in looting the place came upon a small gold box. He opened it and inside it found another box, also of gold. That in turn held a third box, which was partly filled with a fine white powder. The thief tasted the powder and found that it was salt. Immediately he restored to their places all the valuables that he had gathered to carry off. He could not rob a house in which he had "eaten salt."

THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR and his wife, who are soon to sail for France after almost a quarter of a century in Washington, will leave behind them a memento in the form of a stone bird bath. It will stand in Piney Branch Valley, where during the dark days of the war M. and Mme. Jusserand used to go for rest and relaxation from the cares of the embassy, and will serve as an expression of gratitude to the birds that cheered them with their songs. The inscription on the bath will read: To the Birds of Piney Branch from Their Friends Elise and Jules Jusserand.

A PRELIMINARY REPORT of the national Public Health Service, which is making a nation-wide study of colds and influenza, says that of a fairly representative group of persons that it studied only ten per cent had no colds in a period of five and a half months. Colds and influenza, the investigators find, are more closely related than they were formerly supposed to be. Some cases of the respective ailments are clinically almost indistinguishable from each other; and the bacteria found in the nose and throat of sufferers appear to be the same whichever affection they have.

SOME HIGH-SCHOOL JUNIORS were asked recently to name the "elements of strength" that characterized their teachers. Among the 13,825 replies "capability" or "knowledge of one's subject" led the list with eighteen per cent; "character" came next with thirteen per cent; then "fairness" with twelve per cent and "good nature" with ten per cent. The pupils also named the "elements of weakness" that they believed their teachers to have. Eighteen per cent named "failure to explain and make clear," twelve per cent, "lack of discipline," ten per cent, "favoritism," and eight per cent each, being "uninteresting and uninterested," "unfair" and "quick-tempered."

MARK TWAIN in his autobiography, which has just been published, gives this delightful picture of "my Uncle John's farm": "The house was a double structure of logs, with a spacious floor (roofed in) connecting it with the kitchen. In the summer the table was set in the middle of that shady and breezy floor, and the sumptuous meals—well, it makes me cry to think of them. Fried chicken, roast pig; wild and tame turkeys, ducks and geese; venison just killed; squirrels, rabbits, pheasants, partridges, prairie chickens; biscuits, hot batter cakes, hot buckwheat cakes, hot 'wheat bread,' hot rolls, hot corn pone; fresh corn boiled in the ear, succotash, butter

beans, string beans, tomatoes, peas, Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes; buttermilk, sweet milk, 'clabber'; watermelons, muskmelons, cantaloupes—all fresh from the garden; apple pie, peach pie, pumpkin pie, apple dumplings, peach cobbler—I can't remember the rest."

LABOR AND POLITICS

THE convention of the Federation of Labor at El Paso did nothing to make it more probable that a third party will be permanently organized from the supporters of Senator La Follette for the Presidency. On the contrary the Federation voted not to ally itself with any political party and not to take any part in creating one. "Labor," it declared, "proposes to use all parties and to be used by none." There was no evidence of a crusading or a revolutionary spirit. No one talked Socialism. The delegates who happened to be Socialists did nothing more conspicuous than to speak in favor of a permanent Farmer-Labor party, and they were quickly voted down. The proposal to give official approval to the soviet government of Russia aroused no response. It is a long time since a convention of the Federation has been so harmonious and so generally "conservative."

If labor is conservative, the reason must be that it is fairly well satisfied with things as they are. If it wants no new political party, the reason must be that it thinks it can get from the existing parties pretty much what it wants without the risk of stirring up dangerous class feeling and class prejudice. If it has no special enthusiasm for Mr. La Follette, the reason must be that it does not believe that what he advocates would in the long run be of any real advantage to labor. At bottom the Senator from Wisconsin desires a return to earlier and simpler economic conditions, with less concentration of business power and more nearly equal individual opportunity; and he is insistent on pursuing his ends by political and governmental means. Labor believes that it is better off at present than it would be if those earlier and simpler conditions could be restored. It is less eager than it was for government interference in economic matters because it has confidence in the power of its own organization, which proved strong enough to prevent any considerable "deflation" of wages at the time when farmers and business men had to take some disagreeable medicine.

Labor in the United States, unlike the labor organizations of Europe, is not radically revolutionary, nor is it even politically minded. It has few of their difficulties to contend with. Labor in this country is still on the strong side of the market. The land is not overpopulated, our immigration laws dam the tide of foreign labor that might otherwise pour in, wages are high, and there is little unemployment for the ordinarily competent workman. So long as those conditions exist radical agitators will find American labor organizations exasperatingly inclined to let well enough alone—which is the essence of conservatism.

THE ROTOR SHIP

THE curious-looking vessel a picture of which appears at the head of this page is not, as at first it appears to be, a steamship with enormous funnels: it is the "rotor ship" that a German, Herr Anton Flettner, has invented. The lofty cylinders that take the place of masts are a kind of sail. It is wind power, acting on the cylinders, that drives the ship. The only machinery necessary consists of small electric motors that rotate the cylinders at a speed of about a hundred revolutions a minute. There are no propellers or other forms of mechanical motive power, unless for auxiliary use when the wind fails.

When the first reports about the rotor ship came across the ocean both the appearance of the cylinders and the name of the vessel led everyone to suppose that there was some revolving machinery inside the cylinders, for a rotor, properly speaking, is a revolving contrivance within a stationary envelope. It was assumed that the wind entered at the top of the cylinders and, passing downward, drove some sort of turbine that furnished power to a set of propellers. In that belief the Parisian newspapers protested that Herr Flettner had simply adapted to new uses the principle of the rotor windmill, invented by a Frenchman and used for some years to drive pumping machinery. That is not so. It is the push of the wind against the revolving cylinders that does the work.

Men of science in this country are much interested in the invention. They believe that Herr Flettner has perhaps found a way to make practical use of the discoveries that a physicist named Magnus made many years ago concerning the action of the wind on rapidly revolving projectiles, such as artillery shells. When the wind blows against the revolving cylinders their whirling motion lessens the effect of the wind on one side of them and increases it on the opposite side. The result is a definite push in the direction of the greatest pressure, which drives the ship ahead. The vessel must move at an angle to the wind, and the angle may approximate a right angle. When the wind is dead astern the vessel can go ahead only by tacking.

Little power is necessary to rotate the cylinders, which turn on bearings as nearly frictionless as is possible. When there is wind the rotor ship will cost hardly more for power than a sailing ship costs, and it will need only half the crew of a sailing ship.

The rotor ship is of course suitable only for cargo-carrying, for its speed will not satisfy the demands of modern transoceanic travelers. But Herr Flettner thinks that steamships that use the contrivance to help out their engines can get on with only a tenth part of the coal that they now burn.

The inventor and the Hamburg-American Steamship Company, which has agreed to build ten rotor ships at once, are convinced that the invention is thoroughly practical. If they are right, they may indeed succeed in causing a revolution not only of their sixty-foot cylinders but in the whole science and practice of navigation.

MANNERS

THE English language and the Anglo-Saxon temper distinguish sharply between manners and morals. Manners are desirable things, excellent things; they should be taught early and constantly maintained; but they are superficial, secondary; and the possessor of commendable morals may be sometimes excused if his manners are inadequate. Indeed, there is often a feeling that manners are not only superficial but artificial; that an excess of them indicates insincerity and hypocrisy; and that a finely finished bearing suggests an insufficient moral basis.

The French attitude is quite different. In fact, the French have the same word for manners and for morals, and there is, if not a confusion, at least a constant interplay between the two. In French, a moralist is not a person who passionately preaches improvement of the spiritual nature, but a student of human life and character and motive. Indeed, the identity of thought goes back beyond the French language to the Latin, in which the word *mores*, the direct original of our *morals*, means primarily manners and customs.

The Anglo-Saxon is naturally scornful of the Latin attitude, assuming that it implies mistaking mere courtesy for solid virtue. At the same time it is by no means certain that there is not a deeper truth in the French view of the matter. Morals deal with our relations to others. Matthew Arnold said that conduct was three fourths of human life. Arnold's mathematics may be disputable, but at any rate conduct is a very great part of life, and conduct is morals, and morals is that part of life which is concerned with our dealings with other lives. Now, if we reflect a moment, we shall see that all that is really beautiful and valuable in manners is also a matter of our relations to others. True politeness, true courtesy, are not based on display or effect, but wholly on kindness; on a quick and sure apprehension of what will help others, will soothe them, will make them feel at their ease. The essence of all good manners is to cultivate and to strengthen the habit and the power of putting yourself in another's place. And thus manners and morals are not so far apart after all.

EUROPE IN AFRICA

FOUR European nations—Great Britain, France, Spain and Italy—divide among them the control of Moslem millions in North Africa. All of them find it hard to exercise that control in peace. The native races are restive. They obstinately prefer their own ways and their own forms of government even when those ways and forms are demonstrably less efficient than the ones imposed upon them. Egypt has not been so

prosperous in fifteen centuries as it has been since England took charge of its affairs, but the Egyptians are not satisfied. They want their country to themselves, prosperity or no prosperity. The Moroccans are in chronic revolt against Spain. So are the Tripolitans against Italy. France has had better success, especially in Algeria and the Sahara; but the Tunisians are uneasy and have to be handled with care.

Why do not the Europeans withdraw? They do not quite dare to. Through Egypt runs the Suez Canal, the "jugular vein" of the British Empire. Great Britain could hardly maintain that empire without controlling the canal; at least its statesmen think that it could not. France believes that it needs its African colonies for the economic and military support that they can give in the competition that France must sustain against Germany. Spain and Italy think their "prestige" is at stake in Africa. Both countries would probably be quite as well off without the responsibility of their African "possessions," but they do not see it. The tradition of Roman imperialism is still strong among the Latin nations.

How shall Europe deal with Africa, if it is determined to keep its hold upon it? There are various ways. France offers something like a real union; Algeria is represented in the Chamber of Deputies. The tawny or dusky Moslem is encouraged to think of himself as a citizen of France. Race prejudice has never thrived in France, the relations of which with Africa have been close since the days of prehistoric man.

Spain tried the iron hand in Morocco, has failed to succeed by force of arms and has now withdrawn to its fortified cities, planning to subdue its rebels by a kind of economic blockade. Great Britain a few years ago determined to touch the hearts of the Egyptians by conceding to them their own king and their own local government, but keeping a firm hand on the Suez Canal and the foreign relations of the Egyptians. Egypt has not been conspicuously grateful. The murder of Sir Lee Stack crowns a succession of incidents that show how much the Nationalists, who are the only politically conscious Egyptians, resent the presence of the British in any official capacity in their country.

The Tory government of Great Britain has met this murder in the old imperialist way. It sent troops and battleships to enforce the political demands that the British foreign office made on King Fuad's government. There is little doubt that Premier Baldwin and Mr. Chamberlain would be glad of some excuse to get King Fuad out of the way and return to the old arrangement by which Great Britain actually governed Egypt. The episode has not made a particularly good impression in Europe, which regards the British handling of the affair as old-fashioned and high-handed. Many voices are asking, "What is the League of Nations for if not to deal with such matters?"

The fact is that Great Britain has been in Egypt so long that the government, or at least the Tory party, regards an Egyptian dispute as an essentially domestic affair. Moreover, so long as Great Britain maintains the kind of empire that it has established, in which alien races are governed, but are not absorbed into the actual political structure, the high hand will probably always be needed now and then. Human nature is such that alien races so treated will remain a part of such an empire, not through gratitude for the capable and honest government they enjoy, but because they are not strong enough to win their own independence.

THE VOICE IN THE AIR

WE are so accustomed to speaking of the messages that the radio brings to us as coming through the air that we naturally enough fall into the habit of thinking of them as conducted by vibrations of the atmosphere as sound is. In reality nothing of the kind occurs. The Hertzian waves are not sound, as we know well enough when we stop to think about it. They cannot be heard until they are caught by the radio apparatus and thereby transformed into sound waves. They move with a velocity quite impossible to atmospheric vibrations, a pace nearly or quite equal to the waves that conduct light, which is 186,000 miles a second.

Precisely how they are propagated and through what medium they move we do not certainly know; we still have to make theories about it. It has long been the belief of men of science that like the waves of light the Hertzian waves are the vibrations of

some impalpable medium that permeates the universe, and that is present not only in the air and in the material substance of the earth but also in the "empty voids" of space. That medium they call the ether; but what the ether is none of them can make quite clear to the lay mind, if indeed any of them are clear about it themselves. They believe that it exists, because the existence of it explains facts that are otherwise inexplicable; in other words, the ether is a "scientific hypothesis."

Not all physicists feel sure about the ether. If we understand Dr. Einstein, perhaps the most brilliant of living scientific thinkers, he is skeptical of the hitherto accepted theories and thinks that the mysteries of space and light are otherwise to be explained. But what we can be clear about is that the radio vibrations are not vibrations of the air itself, but of some element, known obscurely or not at all, that does not convey sound or become sound until man through his ingeniously contrived instruments converts them into something different from their original nature.

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CURRENT EVENTS

BEFORE Congress met on December 1 the Republican Senators gathered in caucus and voted not to recognize Senators La Follette, Brookhart, Ladd and Frazier as members of the party in the distribution of committee chairmanships. That was because they regarded those Senators as having abandoned the Republican party for the Progressive party that nominated Mr. La Follette for President in opposition to Mr. Coolidge. It is to be observed, however, that at least one of the four, Senator Brookhart of Iowa, won the Republican nomination in the primaries last summer and appeared on the ballot as the regular Republican candidate. Whether the ban on those Senators is to be permanent or temporary the events of the next year or two will determine. Meanwhile none of them have been deprived of their committee assignments; the vote of the caucus merely disqualifies them for new and more desirable assignments at the hands of the Republican organization of the Senate.

IT is reported from Washington that the President and the Secretary of the Navy have made up their minds that nothing in the agreements signed at the Washington

arms conference prevents the United States from increasing the elevation of the turret guns on the battleships that we are permitted to keep in service. It is probable therefore that Congress will be asked to decide whether it wishes to spend the money that the change will require.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE followed the example of President Harding in asking the Vice President elected with him to sit with the Cabinet at its regular meetings, but General Dawes has respectfully declined. He thinks that making the Vice President virtually a member of the Cabinet is an extraconstitutional procedure that will not work well in practice. He is probably right.

THE Communist machine in Russia still implacably pursues Trotsky. Stalin and Kamenev are leaders in the hunt. Of his book, *Lessons of the Revolution*, they have published long criticisms that in effect accuse him of economic and political heresy and stigmatize him as nothing but a "Menshevik" in Bolshevik disguise. The attacks are meant of course to undermine and destroy Trotsky's influence with the army and the public; but so long as he holds his tongue—which he carefully continues to do—it is not likely that his enemies will take any more determined steps against him. There is an uneasy feeling among all the Communist leaders that Trotsky would like to exercise the supreme power, as Lenin exercised it, and that he would take advantage of any breakdown of the Bolshevik political régime to give his ambition head.

IF you would know how closely Signor Mussolini keeps his hands on affairs in Italy, consider the story recently printed in the newspapers about a young woman of New Jersey who bought an article of jewelry in Venice to give as a present to a friend. After she returned to the United States she found out that the jeweler had substituted an inferior article for the one she had paid for. She sat down, hot with indignation, and wrote a letter to Signor Mussolini, telling him of the shopkeeper's dishonesty and protesting against that sort of treatment. Within a few weeks she got a humble letter from the shopkeeper, assuring her that he had rectified the mistake and expressing his regret that she had felt it necessary to appeal to Signor Mussolini. The incident shows the pleasing side of a despotic or paternalistic government—for in conscientious hands such governments have their virtues.

THE senior judges of the Federal bench determined at a recent conference to recommend to Congress that it transfer the prohibition-enforcement unit from the Treasury Department to the Department of Justice. The judges think that the change would lead to better coordination between the forces that arrest and those that prosecute violators of the Volstead Act.

THE unfinished battleship *Washington*, which under the naval conference agreement we promised not to finish, was towed outside the Virginia capes and used as a target by battleship gunners and aeroplane bombers. The Navy Department veils the results in secrecy, but it appears that eventually the armor of any ship must yield to the great guns, although the *Washington* seems to have resisted the projectiles remarkably well. Just what the conclusions were about the efficacy of bombs dropped from the air on well-armored decks it would be interesting to know, but they are among the things the navy keeps to itself.

A FEW weeks ago the newspapers had much to say about the fatal results that had followed the manufacture of a form of lead gas that chemists had hoped would increase the potency of gasoline. The gas—tetraethyl lead—was popularly called "loony gas," because workmen who inhaled it became insane and then died. The Commissioner of Labor of New Jersey, the state in which the deaths occurred, has now recommended that making tetraethyl lead be forbidden because there is no way effectively to safeguard the process. The American Chemical Society has also been investigating the matter and now reports that, although the gas can be made safely, the risk is great because chemists and workmen grow indifferent to the danger in work with which they are familiar.

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THE CHILDREN'S PAGE



A PLEASANT SURPRISE

Verse and Drawing by Verna
Grisier McCully

Once upon a time when Jane
was small
She was surprised and pleased
to find
That walnuts weren't at all a
kind
Of nuts that grew upon a wall.



Some of the shacks he knew about then had only boards for a roof, and some were covered with sod. Mr. White was glad he had such a good shack with shingles on the roof to keep out the rain; but even so he was often lonely.

While he was sitting on the steps that day, feeling rather sad, something beautiful happened. A little baby gopher came to his own front door and looked round. His front door was a hole in the ground. The pretty baby gopher looked this way and that way, and then out he came to play on the grass. Out came another baby gopher, and out came another baby gopher.

The little fellows saw Mr. White, but they were not afraid of him; they knew he wouldn't hurt them. They played and played on the grass and had a merry time leaping and running and tumbling. Then one little gopher went home, and another little gopher went home. The third little gopher stayed with Mr. White, and baby Elizabeth could show you exactly how it happened. Mr. White picked up his hat and put it down on the grass right over the little gopher.

It was a soft hat. Elizabeth's grandfather always shows the little girl exactly how he put both hands round the bottom of the hat so that the baby gopher couldn't get away. Elizabeth always puts her little hands together just as her grandfather puts his together when he tells the story. You would almost think she helped him catch the little gopher.

Mr. White lifted the gopher in his hat and then gently put him into an empty barrel in his shack.

At first the pretty gopher ran round and round and round the barrel and tried to get away. All the while Mr. White talked to him; he said, "Pretty little gopher, don't be afraid; nothing will harm you," and talk like that. Then he gave him cracker crumbs to eat, and the little gopher ate and ate and ate because he was so hungry.

After a while the little gopher ate crumbs from Mr. White's hand, and in three or four days he felt so well acquainted with Mr. White that he crawled up his hand, up his wrist, up and up and up his sleeve and perched upon his shoulder. After that he didn't have to stay in the barrel. He liked Mr. White, and he liked crackers.

Day after day the little gopher used to come when Mr. White called him to dinner. He would climb on Mr. White's foot; then he would crawl up and up and up his trouser leg and sit upon his knee to eat crackers from his hand.

Mr. White was not lonely after that. When he was away at work he would smile every time he remembered that there was a little gopher waiting for him to come home to his shack—a little gopher that would come running to meet him and sit on his knee and eat crackers from his hand.

After perhaps two weeks when Mr. White and the baby gopher had become the best of

to a place hollowed out for the gopher's nest. Mr. White says his gopher's burrow was down deep enough so that Jack Frost couldn't get him.

The reason the little gopher went down the hole and then up again was so that he shouldn't get wet when it rained. If it rained into his hole in the ground, down and down the rain would go to the far bottom of the hole; there it would drain away into the earth. All the while the little gopher might be curled in his nest farther on, high and dry, asleep and dreaming.

Beyond the nest and higher than the nest was the gopher's pantry or storehouse, filled with good things to eat. Elizabeth's grandfather used both hands to show Elizabeth what a big pantry it was that his little friend worked so hard to fill.

One afternoon in the late autumn the little gopher sat on Mr. White's knee and ate crackers as usual. After supper he went to bed in his own home nest in the ground.

THE STORY OF A LITTLE PET GOPHER

By Frances Margaret Fox

THE little gopher lived in North Dakota long years ago. His home was in a burrow in the ground near a wee little house.

Elizabeth's grandfather lived in North Dakota too. His home was in the wee little house; he called it a shack. Of course the good man didn't know then that he should ever be Elizabeth's grandfather. He was really only a big boy at the time that he and the gopher were neighbors. His name was Frank White.

Elizabeth's grandfather is a wonderful story-teller. He tells Elizabeth true stories about wildcats and bears and deer and squirrels and all the animals that lived in the wilderness long ago. She likes to sit in his lap and hear him tell this story about the gopher:

One day—and you must remember that this was long ago—Mr. White was sitting on the steps of his shack, feeling rather lonely. He says that it was a good shack made of rough boards without a bit of plaster on the walls, and that it had a good shingle roof.

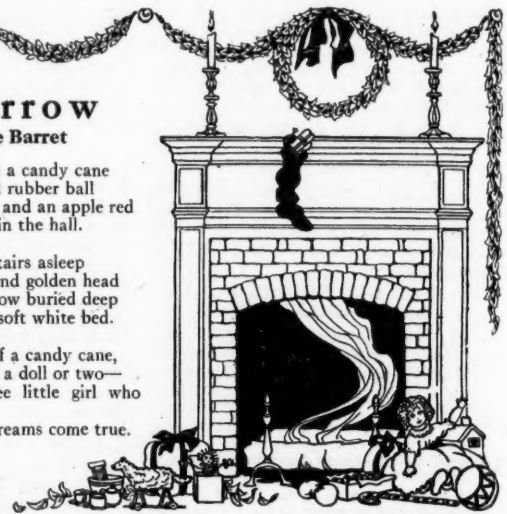
Tomorrow

By Pringle Barret

A wee little doll and a candy cane
And a soft round rubber ball
And a box of sweets and an apple red
By the fireplace in the hall.

A wee little girl upstairs asleep
With a small round golden head
In an eiderdown pillow buried deep
On a very small soft white bed.

A wee little dream of a candy cane,
Some sweets and a doll or two—
And tomorrow a wee little girl who
knows
For certain that dreams come true.



DRAWN BY GWEN HALE

friends Mr. White opened the door wide and advised the little gopher to run out on the grass and enjoy the fresh air.

What do you suppose that little gopher did? He ran straight to his own front door, and down he went into the hole and out of sight!

Then Mr. White felt lonely. He was afraid that his little friend would never come back to sit on his knee and eat crackers from his hand. But only for a little while did he think that, because when Mr. White called him the baby gopher came out of his burrow, popped his head out of his front door, ran across the grass, perched on his good friend's knee and ate crackers from his hand.

Mr. White and the gopher were both happy. After that the baby gopher always ran in and out of the shack; he ran in and out of his own hole; he played in the rocks and did as he pleased. He grew and he grew and he grew until he was as big as a gopher can be. Gophers are never so big as squirrels. In our part of the country we call the little fellows chipmunks; but in Dakota a chipmunk is a gopher.

At last in the late summer Mr. White began to notice that his tiny friend was carrying food to his home in the ground. He filled his little cheeks with crackers, breadcrumbs, nuts, wheat, oats and everything that he liked to eat that he could get his little paws on and carried the food out of the shack and into his own house. That pretty little gopher was getting ready for winter, just as all gophers do. He was filling his storeroom with nuts and grains and grass seed, and of course Mr. White helped him by giving him more and more food. The little gopher worked and worked and worked every day to fill his storehouse.

Elizabeth's grandfather always draws a picture to show her about the gopher's hole in the ground, and she watches the pencil go down, down, almost straight down, a long way. The pencil makes a loop; then up it comes a little farther away in the ground

That night it began to snow. When Mr. White looked out in the morning the ground was covered with snow; and down and down and down more snow was falling. It covered the gopher's hole.

Mr. White didn't call his little friend that day; he hoped he was sleeping; he was glad the little fellow had his storehouse filled with food.

Down came more snow faster and deeper, faster and deeper; it was the North Dakota snow that came to stay all winter. And that is all we know of the little gopher, wrapped in his fur coat, warm and snug and comfortable, asleep beneath the white blanket of snow.

THE REASON WHY

By Jeannie Pendleton Ewing



It isn't far to Grandpa's house
From little Laurie's home,
It isn't far for grown-up feet
Whether they go or come;

But it's through the orchard,
part the way,
And the wind blew roughly yesterday,
And red-cheeked apples in the grass
Are sure to cause delay!

The arbor path is not so long,

A minute's walk for me,
But grapes hang ripening on the vines
For little boys to see.

And a wren sits on the wires to scold
At a passing butterfly tipped with
gold;

Now, wouldn't YOU lag along that
way
If you were five years old?

WHO WOULDN'T BE?

By Ladd Morse

DRAWING BY EDWARD SANDORF

Oh, don't I wish that I could have
That lion for a pet!
He wouldn't have to run and
hide
From Jones's dog, you bet.

And say, that dog would sure be
scared
When he chased home our cat
If he ran round the house and found
Himself a-facing that!



IN THE STABLE

By Bertha Gerneaux Woods



What must her Virgin prayers for Him have been
Her child and God's? She surely knew no sin
Could ever snare the little satin feet
That, nestling in her palm, she found so sweet.
Those things the angel told her! Did they seem
Now in this darkened stable like a dream?
They must have floated through her gentle mind
In reminiscent wonder. Did she find
Her heart aflicker with strange pangs and awe
While looking on that wee bed in the straw?
What had it meant? (This little child, her own!)
Those solemn words: "His father David's
throne!"—
"That holy thing which shall be born of thee!"—
"The Son of God!" Oh, pale young mother, she
Must surely have bowed low, remembering.
"Yea, Lord, yea, Lord, this holy, holy thing!"

A GIRL'S AMBITION

DR. MARGARET McKELLAR, the missionary, came, says a Canadian contributor, to Canada from the Highlands of Scotland as a very small child. Her father was a sea captain who had been going back and forth to India; when he came to Canada he plied his vessel on the Great Lakes.

Before Margaret was twelve years old her mother died. After that she spent much time on her father's boat and consequently was out of school much of the year. When she was fourteen years old and in one of the low grades she left school altogether.

Six years later when she was employed in a millinery shop she heard George Leslie Mackay, the missionary, tell of his experiences in Formosa. Hearing of the beautiful island and the marvelous changes that the Gospel had wrought in the lives of the natives made her long to become a missionary. "But I cannot; I have no education," she thought. So she contributed money to the work.

Then she listened to Dr. Robertson of the New Hebrides, and again she heard the call to enter the service; but she said to herself, "Surely God would never ask me, for I have no education." And again she gave money.

The call was so insistent, however, that she finally offered herself. But owing to her lack of education the missionary board kindly declined her services.

Then Margaret decided she would get an education. A teacher gave her a list of books proper to fit her for the grammar school, but she could not study successfully by herself; so she went back to school with small boys and girls. She was then twenty-two years old, and she used to pray that the boys and girls would not laugh at her. In four years she was graduated. Then one happy day she entered Queen's University, Kingston, as a medical student and later took a postgraduate course in London.

When she offered herself again as a missionary, in 1890, she was accepted and sent to India. At first the natives called her "foreign devil" and threatened her, but now they worship her as a queen. In the city of Neemuch Margaret has cared for the sick and the plague-stricken. She has always lifted the soul as she healed the body. Now, though she is old, she is still at work.

Women of Saskatchewan recently sent her a small automobile. In her letter of thanks she said that now she can cover much more ground and go to many more villages in a day.

She has been feted and honored by kings and potentates. One of the honors of which she is justly proud is a medal that the King and Queen of England presented to her at the Durbar at Delhi in 1911 for distinguished service.

I once heard her say that the ninety-first Psalm was literally fulfilled in her life. She has trodden on the lion and the adder. Thousands have fallen at her side with cholera, yet God has given her long life.

PUMPS AND PEOPLE

JOE burst into the kitchen and dropped his pail. "Well's dry," he announced. "I've pumped and pumped, and no water comes." Uncle Len, waiting for Agnes to get breakfast, rose and laughed genially. "Not quite a country boy yet, are you, Joe? There's plenty of water in the well, but the pump's dry. When that happens you have to pour water down to get water up. I'll show you." He took a dipperful from the pail by the sink and went out with Joe.

Presently Joe returned with a brimming pail of fresh water. "What else have I got to do?" he asked Agnes shortly.

"There's the woodbox," she answered in the same curt tone.

"Sure, there's the woodbox," muttered Joe, "and after that a porch to sweep and after that something else. It's nothing but jobs all day long." He stamped out to the shed.

"I should think Joe might see," said Agnes to herself, "that this new life is harder for me

than for him. I work without stopping for him and Uncle Len day in and day out, but Joe never says a word of thanks or affection. I don't believe he loves me at all. And he's my only brother."

She filled the pitcher from the fresh pail, and just then she remembered Uncle Len's words, "There's plenty of water in the well, but the pump's dry. You have to pour water down to get water up!"

With the pitcher in her hand Agnes stood gazing across the fields to the hills beyond. Was that the trouble, a dry pump? Perhaps the well was full of brotherly affection, and all it needed was a little sisterly love poured down to bring up a brimming pail. Could it be that?

Joe came back with his arms piled with wood, which he dropped into the wood box.

Agnes put down her pitcher, curved her mouth into a genuine smile at the thought of her experiment and crossed to her brother. She put an arm round his neck and kissed him. "Joe," she said, "you're such a comfort and help I don't know what I'd do without you!"

Joe wriggled free, but the flush on his cheek was not all embarrassment at the unusual caress. "That's nothing," he said; "you do lots more than I do, Agnes. You're all to the good."

"I love you lots," Agnes said with a soft little laugh.

"Give me a dish and I'll pick you some strawberries for breakfast," Joe offered and went off, whistling, to do it.

Uncle Len, who had heard it all, nodded his wise old head. He knew a good deal both about pumps and about people.

AN UNDERGROUND FIRE ESCAPE

THE following incident, which, writes a correspondent, occurred in Pennsylvania, describes an unusual, if not entirely unheard of mode of escape from a forest fire. It was the experience of a young man who was engaged in the uncertain but sometimes extremely profitable occupation of hunting and digging ginseng root.

He had got leave of a farmer to hunt ginseng on half shares in a hundred-acre tract of swampy ground covered with sumac and other brush and bordered on two sides by a forest. It was early October, and owing to a prolonged dry spell forest fires were becoming dangerously prevalent and stubborn in the neighborhood.

On the morning on which the ginseng hunter had chosen to start work in the swamp he found the farmer and his hired men fighting ground fires in the wood lot and flames already licking the outer edges of the marsh on three sides. The farmer warned the young man to keep out of the swamp, for he intended to let the growth there burn and to confine his efforts to the timber tract. Furthermore, at any moment a heightened breeze might send the fire at race-horse speed through the dry reeds and greatly increase the danger that the ginseng hunter would be entrapped. But ginseng was then selling at five dollars a pound, and the root digger laughed at the warnings and plunged into the marsh thickets with his spade and gunny sack.

After two hours of much more tramping than digging he had perhaps a pound of the precious root in his bag. Meanwhile the encircling fire had been closing in steadily, and less than half the swamp was now free of it.

Suddenly the prospector came upon a spot where ginseng was growing in an abundance unusual for that rare herb. With practiced swiftness he set to work on the small bonanza. After only a few minutes he noticed that the conflagration was rapidly invading the still open side of the tract. Yet he labored fiercely on, stubbornly set on harvesting the whole patch before he left the swamp.

The heat became almost unbearable, and his dimming eyes smarted viciously in the advancing smoke wreaths. Five minutes more and a thin wall of flame advanced rapidly across the last clear way of escape. But there remained one or two roots, worth almost their weight in silver if not in gold, that he must still snatch from the ground.

Finally he grabbed up his bag and spade and raced through the thirty rods or so of still unburned brush toward the spot least covered by the fire. Too late! The thin wall had thickened into several rods of fiercely blazing reeds and brush. Furiously he dashed into the flames, only to come staggering blindly back out of the intolerable blaze.

Two more desperate rushes he tried, but each time he was forced to retreat into the open, scorched, choking and with his clothes on fire. It is a wonder he did not lose his way and consequently his life in one of those mad charges. He was trapped, and he knew it. For the first time he began to be frightened.

He ran to where he vainly imagined the wall of flame was thinner. There before him lay the outlet of a line of twenty-inch tile that underdrained a tract of higher-lying cultivated land. On the instant he saw deliverance.

He leaped to the drain mouth, from which a trickle of water still emerged. Then, dropping on all fours, he backed hastily feet first into the dark, narrow tunnel. He dragged after him his sack of small wealth, to which he had obstinately clung through his late fiery ordeal. For five or six rods he crawl-fished along the slippery bottom of the drain before he stopped. The close air of his refuge felt cool and fresh.

Two hours later the young fellow emerged

from the drain to find the swamp blaze pretty well burned out and not too much smoke left to prevent his final escape. "Whew!" he exclaimed in relief. "I don't know that I'd care to do that every day, not even for five times five dollars!"

HOW TO MAKE ICE CREAM CHEAPLY

HOW are you fixed for letting me have some ice this morning?" asked Jim, the pump man.

"Just help yourself," responded Betty heartily. "The cellar is full of it. Going to have some ice cream?"

"Wal now my old woman, she got a sample of ice-cream powder by mail the other day, and I just thought I'd like to try it."

As Jim came back from the ice cellar he stopped at the kitchen door again to say, "I've borrowed a sack to put the ice in. I told my old woman I wouldn't need to bring one. I knew you would have plenty laying round somewhere."

"Do you have any ice-cream salt?" inquired Betty.

"No. Does it freeze better that way? Wal now, if you could give me the loan of some. And are you going to use your freezer today? Now would you mind putting it together so it would sure be just right?"

Betty obligingly put the freezer together, and Jim made a pretense of starting. Betty waited a moment to see what would happen next. Sure enough, Jim turned back and asked in an off-hand manner, "How are your hens doing lately?"

"Pretty well," Betty answered. "Do you need some eggs?"

"The receipt on the outside of the package calls for three eggs, and we are going to have comp'ny, so if you could spare a half dozen it would be just fine."

Betty packed the half dozen eggs into an old cereal box. Still Jim lingered. She knew that he was going to make another request.

"I hate to ask it, knowing you have so many to cook for," he said at last, "but could you let me have a quart or so of milk? My old woman said she could get two quarts off Miss Gillette. Now, if you could let me have two quarts, I'd be all fixed out. I never could stand ice cream half water."

With the sack, the ice, the freezer, the salt, the eggs and the milk Jim happily started for home to make ice cream with the sample of ice cream powder that had come by mail.

"TALL" ONES FROM MAINE

A READER who has been spending some time in his old home town in Maine sends us these "tall" ones from his native state:

I have often heard my father tell of an unusual incident that happened back in the sixties right here on the old farm. When he was a lad his father planted a field of popcorn near the barn. There was an aged white horse on the farm that was often pastured in a field adjacent to the corn field. Late in September just before the harvest the barn got on fire, and it spread to the corn field. The corn began to pop, and soon the air was filled with the white flakes. The old horse tethered nearby thought a snow storm was in progress and froze to death!

My father's uncle was noted for raising especially fine pumpkins primarily for exhibition at the county fair. What he did to them to make them grow was a secret that he always kept. He used to say that he could grow a pumpkin so big that a two-horse team could

QUITE LIKELY TO MIND IT!



Voice from other side of wall: "Please, sir, would you mind kicking my ball over?"
—Bertram Rankin in Punch.

not haul it away. No one believed that it could be done, but he did it. This particular pumpkin measured forty-two feet and seven inches in circumference and stood nearly eleven feet high. Because of a nearly fatal accident to a member of the family, however, no attempt was ever made to produce such a monster pumpkin again. A staging had been erected for the purpose of cutting up the huge product of the garden. A large hole had been cut in the top, and the excavation of the inside partly completed. At the supper table Jim, the five-year-old baby and pet of the family, was missing, and a search of the house and yard produced no results. When the next day dawned on a worried family Jim was still missing. To make a long story short, Jim had climbed the staging and fallen into the hole. Luckily for him, he landed on a pumpkin seed, and, young though he was, he realized that there he should stay until help came. And there the workmen found him sound asleep the next morning.

A PIG FOR A BEDFELLOW

A NUMBER of years ago, writes a correspondent, a Mexican in southwest Texas captured a little wild pig, the offspring of hogs that had descended from domestic animals that, having escaped from the early Spanish and American settlers, roamed wild through the country. The Mexican became so fond of his little pet that he let it sleep with him in his bed on the floor of his hut, and the little pig reciprocated the Mexican's affection to such an extent that it followed him everywhere.

One day the Mexican went to a town several miles away, and the little pig tried to follow him, but strayed off the road and became lost. A young man by the name of Martin and a companion named Miles were camped on the river bank while out fishing. On the first night they were sound asleep on opposite sides of the tent when young Martin was suddenly awakened by something crawling under the blanket and squeezing against his ribs.

As the country was infested with rattlesnakes, his first thought was that a snake had crawled beside him under the blanket, and he lay there for a few moments, frozen with horror. At another movement under the bedclothes he gave a scared yell and, rolling clear of the blankets, scuttled on all fours out of the tent. His companion bounced up and dashed out also.

After a frightened consultation they obtained a gun and lantern and falteringly opened the doorway of the tent. In the flickering glare they could plainly discern a hump under young Martin's blanket. One of the boys cocked the gun and aimed it at the object while his companion held the light in one hand and slowly raised the edge of the blanket with a stick. When the blanket was pushed back they beheld with startled gaze a little wild pig curled up snugly asleep and snoring. It grunted contentedly when they accidentally touched it.

Not liking such a bedfellow, the young men ejected the little pig from the tent. Then they went and lay down, but after they had been asleep for some time the little pig returned and crawled under the blanket with the other young man! He drove it out, but thereafter it would crawl back under the blankets with one of them and, on being forcibly ejected, would return and crawl under the blankets with the other. Finally they decided in disgust that they might as well let it stay. So the little wild pig slept with them undisturbed the rest of the night.

CLAD IN WASTEBASKET AND PYJAMAS

THEY have been introducing pyjamas in Belgrade, says the Living Age, and according to the London Observer the puzzled Jugo-Slavs have not taken kindly to them. That is partly because the lunatic asylum at the Jugo-Slav capital long ago adopted pyjamas as the normal attire of its inmates; the ordinary citizen's reluctance to don the modern night dress is at least comprehensible.

One hot night last summer, however, a daring youth ventured out of his garden and a little way down the street, clad in pyjamas. A passing policeman instantly arrested him as an escaped lunatic; his suspicions were confirmed by the fact that the unfortunate prisoner—this also is comprehensible—had no identification papers in his pyjama pocket. The young man spent the night in a cell, and when he was taken to police court the next morning, wishing to avoid recognition, he begged that a wastebasket be placed over his head.

The spectacle of the alleged lunatic clad in pyjamas and helmeted with a wastebasket, solemnly marched to court between gendarmes armed with long and fierce-looking bayonets, greatly edified the less serious-minded citizens of Belgrade.

HE MISSED THE POINT

WHILE watching two of his men wheeling coal to the furnaces, says the Tatler, the foreman of a gasworks noticed that one man took two barrow loads to the other man's one. After a time he went up to the slack one and said:

"Do you know that your mate is doing twice as much work as you are?"
"Well, don't blame me, guv'nor," replied the man. "I've told him about it."



THE YOUTH'S COMPANION is an illustrated weekly paper for all the family. Issued weekly by the Perry Mason Company, The Youth's Companion, Publication Office, Rumford Building, Ferry Street, CONCORD, N. H. Editorial and business offices, 881 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass. Subscription price is \$2.50 a year, in advance, including postage prepaid to any address in the United States and Canada, and \$3.00 to foreign countries. Entered as second-class matter, Nov. 1, 1923, at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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PERRY MASON COMPANY
The Youth's Companion
Boston, Mass.

SPRAINS AND THEIR TREATMENT

ANY part of the body may suffer from a sprain, but, since we depend upon our joints and muscles in any special effort, it is they that suffer most. A simple form of joint sprain is a locking that follows some special muscular effort; there is no real displacement of the joint, and a brisk shake may serve to unlock it and stop the discomfort instantly. Or it may be more severe and the unlocking not quite so quick or so easy; then the joint must be suitably manipulated and sometimes must be supported afterward by an elastic cap.

If a sprain is severe enough to injure the structure of a joint, there will usually be synovitis as a sequel; that is to say, inflammation of the lining membrane. It is not considered to be good practice to immobilize a joint because synovitis is present, although that does not necessarily mean that it may be used as a joint. In case of injury to the knee followed by synovitis, for example, a system of prescribed exercises of all the muscles controlling the joint may hasten recovery, whereas insisting that the knee go on bearing the weight of the body may long delay it. Useful treatment is to wrap the joint very thickly in cotton wool and then apply a firm bandage over it. The dressing exerts pressure on the joint and thus prevents further effusion and also limits movement without actually preventing it.

If when a sprain is examined there is found a spot of extreme tenderness that is not directly on the line of the joint, it is likely that a ligament has been torn. In such a case it is even more important to permit movement and forbid function. As soon after the injury as possible a pad and bandage as described above should be applied, exerting pressure over the tender spot. When all swelling has disappeared and the joint is to be used again it is as well to limit movement by strapping.

In any severe sprain it is always possible that a bone may have been injured, and it is well to have an X-ray picture taken so as to make sure whether there is a fracture.

PEGGY'S QUEER NOTION

SOMETIMES," Zilla cried, "I'm so lonesome it seems to me I'll die!"

"I know," Peggy answered softly. "No, you don't know!" Zilla's voice was almost savage. "That may sound brutal, but you don't. It isn't all not having anybody belonging to you; it's the way you feel it. You have so many friends; you're always running out with them, or some of them are running in to see you. But I'm not made that way. I thought life ended for me when mother died, but when Alice went last March—it sounds selfish, but one of the things that came surging over me was that I'd never again have a package from home. Alice and I were only ordinary sisters,—not specially devoted, I mean,—but we always wrote once a week and sent each other gifts at Christmas and birthdays. And now—last Christmas I actually mailed myself a present. I—I was ashamed to have the people in the house know that nothing came for me. And I tried to pretend to myself that it was from mother. Oh, I hate holidays!"

Peggy was looking at her strangely. "Did you,"—she spoke as if it was hard to get the words out,—"did you keep Christmas both ways? That's what makes the difference. I—I know, Zilla dear, I've tried it."

"What do you mean—both ways?" Zilla's voice was still hard.

"Why, to your mother and Alice as well as from them. Please don't think me horrid and preachy. I'm just telling you because I know. Why, Zilla, don't you see? I suppose, if we could know, we'd find just as many lonely mothers in the world as there are daughters. And lonely sisters—"

"Well?"

"Don't you see? If you'd just adopt somebody to give to for the others that we can't

reach with gifts any longer. I—I think they'd love it that way, Zilla."

Zilla turned and looked at her. "That's how you came to adopt that little cripple at the Children's Hospital and the old lady at the Home for Incurables."

"And my Russian boy—don't forget him. I had two brothers once, you know. Sergius is doing such wonders—fairly eating up his books. He means to be a doctor some day. It's wonderful, Zilla, the way they make things different, the way it helps the ache to be still planning for Christmas and birthdays and all. Oh, my dear, if you only would! It's—Peggy's voice trembled a bit through its laughter,—it's too bad, you know, to let a perfectly good daughter and sister go to waste."

"If you don't have the queerest notions!" Zilla cried. But in spite of herself her voice was not so sharp as she tried to make it.

SHE FORGOT TO SAY "THANK YOU"

THIS incident, which shows that one person at least was militantly convinced that courtesy ought to be appreciated and returned, happened some thirty-five years ago in Minneapolis. In those days they used small electric street cars with seats running the length of the cars and a coal stove in the middle on one side. It was in the "rush hour" in the morning; the seats were all occupied, and there were many "strap-hangers." A man was sitting next to the stove, reading his newspaper; from his dress he appeared to be a plasterer. A woman about twenty-five years old came in and took a strap directly in front of him. He did not notice her for a few minutes; then he got up and said to her, "Take this seat, lady."

"I thought it was time some one gave me a seat," she said and sat down.

She was hardly in the seat before the man inquired, "Madam, did I not leave my gloves in the seat?"

The woman got up, and the man slipped into the seat again and commenced to read his paper. There were no gloves in the seat, and he did not look for them.

The people in the car began to grin, then to smile and then to laugh heartily. The woman turned bright red and left the car as soon as she could.

PRECOCIOUS LOGIC

THE active mind of youth often finds a nugget of wisdom in a matrix of misunderstanding. That was the case with the little girl referred to in J. U. H.'s Weekly. She jumped hastily at a wrong conclusion, but landed on a bed rock of fact!

"Papa, pro and con mean opposites, don't they?" she inquired.

"Right," said her parent.

"That must be why they speak of progress and Congress," she concluded.

ANSWERS TO CROSS-WORD PUZZLES

Puzzle B, printed December 4

A	S	T	R	O	N	O	M	E	R
N	O			G	O			M	E
N			B	R	O	W			T
I	S		E	N	H				R
H	A	L	O		P	O	L	O	
I	L	E	X		A	M	O	S	
L	D		A	S	E		P		
A		S	N	O	W		E		
T	O		N	U			E	C	
E	N	D	E	A	R	M	E	N	T

Answer to charade: Mother Goose.

Puzzle C, printed December 18

O	A	S	I	S		Q	U	A	I	L
N	E	E	D		E	S	I	D	E	
I	O	N		A	M	I		D	E	M
O	N		C	L	I	F	F		S	O
N		S	Y		G	L	A	N		
	R	E	C	U	R	R	E	N	T	
M		A	L		A	U	S		H	
A	T		E	A	T	E	R		S	Y
P	A	W		T	E	M		H	I	D
L	I	A	R		S		L	E	A	R
E	L	D	E	R		M	A	M	M	A

"Big Giant"

TRADE-MARK REGISTERED

A Real Steam Engine USING KEROSENE AS FUEL

For Young Engineers

EVERY young engineer ought to own one of these superb Engines. It will not only afford hours of pleasure, but in many cases will develop a taste for mechanical work and engineering. The Engine is designed for running toy machinery at a high rate of speed. These toys, such as machine shops, mills, forges, etc., can easily be made by the boys. They will thus enjoy both the making and the running of their plant. Power can be transmitted to the machine shop or mill through an attached pulley wheel, with a cord for a belt.



Runs Toy Machinery

BOYS, just think of the fun you can have running this Engine and making toy machinery for it! There will be no dull times, even on stormy days, if you have a "Big Giant" in the house. When steam is up the "Big Giant" will develop horse power sufficient to run the Buzz Saw referred to on this page and many of the Meccano models, as well as the toy machinery you can make. The Engine will also supply steam for a shrill blast of the whistle whenever the engineer so desires. Besides the fun you can have in this way, you will learn many things about steam power and machinery that will help you later in life.

Description: The illustration does not show the full size of the Engine. It stands eleven inches high and is absolutely safe. It is an improvement over all other styles in that ordinary kerosene can be used as fuel, instead of alcohol. Can be run full speed continuously for ten hours at a cost of less than one cent. It has a safety valve, steam whistle and a finely fitted water gauge that will always indicate the exact amount of water in the boiler. It has a large balance wheel and other necessary parts to make it the most powerful Steam Engine for toy machinery now on the market. In addition to the many features described, the following important improvements have recently been added: The boiler is now made of heavy, polished brass; solid brass connections for the water gauge; brass whistle base and cast piston connection. The Engine is well finished, free from danger of explosion, and one of the most popular articles for boys offered.

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Ask a friend or neighbor to give you his subscription for The Companion for one year. Send the address to us with the subscription money and 35 cents extra and we will present you with the "Big Giant" steam engine. The subscription must be one that has not been upon our books during the past year, and it cannot be your own.

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IMPORTANT. When sending in your order be sure to include the postage for the engine. Ask your postmaster how much postage will be required for a 2-lb. package and inclose amount with order. Be sure to have the steam engine sent by parcel post, as this will cost less than if sent by express.

The "Big Giant" is manufactured exclusively for Companion subscribers and can be obtained only from us. Value of Engine \$2.75.



Buzz Saw

Special Offer

THIS toy (not illustrated) is made of metal throughout, japanned in an attractive color, is strong and durable, and is operated by extending a cord from its pulley wheel to the pulley wheel of the Engine.

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